

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1870.

The Week.

THE bill to enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, as amended and improved by the Conference Committee, was adopted by the Senate on Wednesday of last week, and by the House on the following Friday. The Senate has done nothing else of importance. In discussing the Legislative Appropriation Bill, it adopted an amendment of Mr. Trumbull's, equalizing the pay of male and female clerks. The House, after a prolonged and rather bitter struggle, passed the Northern Pacific Railroad Bill, which received the President's signature on Tuesday. The majority in favor of it ranged from three to twenty-four, on its final passage. A case similar to Mr. Sypher's, from a contested district in South Carolina, was decided on Friday in an opposite way, simply because Democratic members were off their guard. Mr. A. S. Wallace, the Republican candidate, was declared entitled to a seat in the House, although he had received but 9,807 votes, against 14,098 thrown for Mr. W. D. Simpson, whose offence was that he had served in the Confederate army, and was therefore ineligible. Instead of ordering a new election, the House ruled that the candidate next in number of votes should be admitted. Mr. Dawes, as usual, protested to deaf ears. On Tuesday, Mr. Lynch's bill to revive the navigation interests of the country was first amended into something quite different from the original, and then returned to the select committee without instructions to report; in other words, killed. Its fate is one more sign of the decline of the protection party.

Monday was Decoration Day, and was observed with a good deal of enthusiasm and solemnity in all parts of the country. We trust the custom may never be less honored, in spite of the objections to it on the score of its tendency to perpetuate sectional feeling. If it was a noble thing for the dead to die, it can never become undesirable to keep alive the recollection of what they died for. It is, we must say, asking a little too much to ask people to try and forget what everybody was trying to induce his neighbor to lay down his life for six years ago, and what a vast number of our neighbors did lay down their lives for without hesitation. The time to have been horrified by the recollections of civil strife was before the fighting began. Dr. Thompson, in his address at the Academy of Music, turned the occasion to good account by reminding the audience of various things which the dead did *not* die for, such as sectarianism, priesthood, caste, corruption at the polls; and various things they did die for, such as truth and virtue and freedom and justice and humanity and God; and the great use of all such celebrations is, after all, to keep people in mind of the fact that there are things in the world worth dying for.

We wish some orator had also taken this opportunity of reminding the audience that one way of honoring the dead is to cherish more or less respect for the living who fought by their side. The man who has survived the storms of war is just as much worthy of respect as the man whom they have destroyed, which, we are afraid, a great many of us have begun to forget. We are afraid old soldiers are not quite so welcome to all sorts of good things as they were five years ago, and we are quite sure we are all far more afraid lest General Sherman or General Sheridan should have anything over and above a bare subsistence, and lest they should become dukes and marquises, and oppress us, than we ever thought we should be when we heard that the Army of Tennessee had disappeared behind Atlanta, and that Early's flank had been turned at Cedar Creek. If we could only rise up on Decoration Day, with the heart-sickness, the dread anxiety, the tearful exultation, with which we used to stand before the bulletin boards on the same days in

1862-'3-'4, what a day of discipline, reproof, and instruction, and encouragement it would be.

The long-talked-of effort of the Administration to put itself right in New York politics seems to have been precipitated by the result of the State election, and there appears to be now no doubt that Mr. Grinnell is to be removed, and some more active and skilful politician put in his place. Mr. Grinnell's fault has been that he has not taken sides with proper ardor in the struggle between the Fentonites and Anti-Fentonites, the two great parties into which the Republicans are now divided—Fenton being, all things considered, the most active and formidable "manager" the party has produced in these parts since the retirement of Mr. Thurlow Weed, and anybody who wants to succeed must either hate him or swear by him. Mr. Grinnell having done neither, his "rotating" has not given satisfaction, and he is to be thrown overboard, and a gigantic effort is to be made to restore party discipline, which is in a low state. We hope, at the same time, something will be done to improve the party morals, which also would bear a touch or two. The Republicans in the last Legislature made a bargain with the Democrats over the new charter, by which the city was virtually handed over to the Ring for five or six years, the consideration being "a good election law," which was to put an end to fraudulent voting. The law was tried at the last election, and the frauds are believed never to have been surpassed. In fact, there need not, henceforth, be any limit to the Democratic majority in this State; and people are asking themselves whether Tweed and Sweeney will continue very long to go through the process of taking a vote at all. They really, if it were not "for the name of the thing," might as well announce the municipal officers of each year from the balcony of the City Hall without taking the trouble of cheating at the polls; but they will doubtless maintain the forms of republican government, as Augustus did, in order to keep "the people" easy in their minds.

No one has during the last two or three years watched Southern politics and considered them with anything like impartiality who is not now of opinion, we venture to say, that in nearly every State controlled by what calls itself the true Republican party of the South, there is a disgraceful amount of corruption and folly, and that it is at the States governed by the conservative wing of the party that any American must look who does not wish to hang his head in presence of the enemies of popular government. Compare, for instance, the Virginia of Governor Walker with the Louisiana of Warmoth and Wickliffe, the South Carolina of Scott, or the Georgia of Bullock. Bullock's case grows more and more malodorous every day. One might think that nothing additional need be said about him after the revelations of the Senate Investigation Committee which exposed him and Colonel Forney. It appears that by order of the State Legislature the Treasurer has prepared a statement setting forth the number of times and how the Governor has transcended his authority, and violated both the laws of Georgia and her constitution. There are a good many counts in the indictment, and we hope to see them made good in a trial by impeachment—unless, indeed, Mr. Morton, the Governor's other friend in the Senate, introduce a new section into the last Georgia bill, and forbid all impeachment of loyal governors on charges of peculation. One charge is, that Bullock has in an unusual and extraordinary manner disbursed about two-thirds of the Contingent Fund of the State for "incidental expenses of the Executive Department." Another charge is, that Bullock drew warrants on the Printing Fund for means to pay the wages of more clerks in his own office than the law allowed, and that he refused to draw on the same fund for \$10,000 with which to pay the printer, and this although instructed so to draw by a heavy vote of the Legislature. There are plenty more charges—as of getting from the Fourth National Bank of this city, and expending it, \$35,000 of unappropriated funds; of selling, without authorization, \$265,000 worth of State bonds, thereby much injuring the credit of the State and

cheating its bondholders; of having used, and allowed others to use, the earnings of the Western Atlantic Railroad in a manner other than that prescribed by law, and so forth and so forth, to any extent. Is it any wonder, seeing what sort of a person Bullock is, and knowing how many like him are in the South and in full view of the people, and hearing men like Messrs. Morton and Sumner patting him on the back, and hearing men like Colonel Forney "reading out of the party" men like Messrs. Ferry and Trumbull—is it any great wonder that Connecticut goes Democratic, and that the majority against the Republicans in New York is eighty-eight thousand, of which twenty-odd thousand votes were cast in the rural strongholds?

There was a "Cuban rally" last week in Congress, arising out of the griefs of a Mr. A. E. Phillips, late United States consul at Santiago de Cuba, who, being there when the two Americans, Wyeth and Speakman, were put to death, and having opposed their execution, found the place afterwards too hot for him, and had to take refuge on board a steamer with his wife. His sorrowful tale appeared first in the *Tribune*, and was then served up, with some harrowing additions, by Mr. Voorhees in the House, who chanted *Quousque tandem* over it, and abused Mr. Fish and the Administration handsomely. Whereupon uprose General Garfield, and said he knew something of Phillips; that General Steadman, Phillips's predecessor at Santiago, had died at his (Phillips's) house, in possession of \$1,000 in money, and other effects; that Phillips made a brief, formal report of the fact of the death to the State Department, but of the particulars of the General's illness, or of the \$1,000 and effects, nobody—not even the family of the deceased—had ever since been able to obtain the smallest information. On that whole subject, Phillips preserved an apparently inviolable secrecy, and somehow about this time he gave out that his own life was in danger, and ran off to an American man-of-war, and, by some process unknown to the law, got the captain to appoint him United States consul to Jamaica; but the State Department not recognizing that appointment, he demanded to be carried back to his old post. Carried thither he was accordingly, but refused to land, to the great astonishment of the admiral, who, on enquiring into the cause, learned that he perceived on the beach the well-known forms of numerous and insatiate creditors; and he therefore turned his attention wholly to the brutal conduct of Spain, from which power he claimed \$200,000 damages, for bodily terror, mental anxiety, and other annoyances. This was a painful, and ought to have been a convincing, exposure, but it failed to satisfy the Democratic members that Fish was not in some way to blame, and that if Cuba had had belligerent rights Phillips would not have been different from what he was. Such is the "Cuban question."

The Fenian "invasion" of Canada has ended as most of those who had ever given any attention to the enterprise, or had any knowledge of the class of men who got it up, expected it would. As we have endeavored to show elsewhere, however, it was really a "confidence operation," and not a military expedition; and the chiefs who are now in custody ought, if they got their due, to be indicted for obtaining money under false pretences, instead of for violating the neutrality laws, and get at least six months' imprisonment and hard labor. As common cheats, they have achieved an immense success. Their plan of getting large crowds of poor men together in places some hundreds of miles from their homes, without providing any food for them—not even one meal—under pretence that they were going to dismember the British Empire, seems to have owed most of its success to its sheer impudence. Forty or fifty Canadian militia arrested the invasion with a few shots at Pigeon Hill, on the Vermont line, the United States Marshal, General Foster, covering himself with glory, and making a capital joke, by carrying O'Neill, the Commander-in-Chief, off the bloody field as a prisoner in a hack. At Trout River, farther west, another force, a few hundred strong, and half-famished, crossed the frontier under General Starr, and began, at his suggestion, to throw up an entrenchment within easy reach of the line, but ran off on the appearance of the Canadian regulars and militia, Starr leading the way with as much haste as if they had counted on conquering Canada without interfer-

ence from the British troops. The collection of money was kept up in the various cities during the whole of this last act in the farce with the aid of lying telegrams, and many poor fellows actually sent to what was called "the front" at their own expense, after the whole thing was at an end.

The best of the joke is, however, now that all is over, the Senate of the "F. B.," or the "Savage Wing," as it is called, has issued a manifesto, coolly informing the victims that they have been paying their money in at the wrong box, and that if they want a genuine invasion, and a real downfall of the British Empire, they ought to subscribe to the Savage plan, which is far superior to O'Neill's in every way. We are glad to say, however, that the press has spoken out on the affair with such unanimity and indignation that a repetition or continuance of the swindle will probably be impossible. There ought to be, though we fear there are not, some of the papers specially devoted to Irish interests honest and courageous enough to warn the poor against these schemes. The "salaried officers" of the Brotherhood will probably now have to face the cold world, and either keep real accounts, which will have to balance, or handle the melancholy spade and dismal hoe.

In talking last week of the attitude of the Massachusetts press toward the Hartford and Erie Bill, we did injustice to the *Worcester Spy* in not mentioning it, as well as the *Springfield Republican*, as an able and persistent opponent of the bill in the interior of the State. The bill, we see, making the proposed grant of \$3,500,000 has been defeated in the Legislature, and the Governor has been empowered to take proceedings to protect the State interest in the road, or, in other words, to institute proceedings in foreclosure—a very satisfactory conclusion to the contest, which has been one of exceeding bitterness, as it was right it should be. Calmness and good humor are very good things, but when discussing with a man who has already stolen your silver spoons whether you might not as well also *lend* him your silver forks, they do seem a little out of place; and this is very much what the State of Massachusetts has been doing during the last two or three months. The only salvation for "politics" seems to be the absolute denial—which the new Illinois constitution makes imperative—of all State aid to railroads or canals. The practice of making grants of public money for such purposes is sure to convert—indeed, has already converted—the getting of public money for such purposes into a regular business, and the projection of great public "improvements," with the mere view of drawing "State aid," one of the ready ways to fortune. Moreover, a road which cannot be made, in the hands of a skilful lobby, to appear an absolute necessity for "development" of some kind, must be a very poor affair indeed. Getting people and goods from the interior "down to tide-water" is an enterprise capable of indefinite expansion, and it is just as well to leave it to private speculators. Capital is accumulating in the United States with tremendous rapidity. If there be any difficulty in finding gentlemen to invest money in anything in which a reasonable return is tolerably certain, we have not as yet heard of it.

We are informed that the chances of the adoption of the minority representation clause in the Illinois constitution have greatly increased, and that the prospect of its adoption, which we last week thought very doubtful, may now be considered very good. Its success would certainly be the first real improvement ever made in the representative system, and one of the greatest ever made in the machinery of government, and, though it would still leave the millennium a long way off, would remove one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of other reforms by diminishing the power of the caucus. The adoption of the constitution is looked for by a majority of about 100,000. We may add that the debates in the convention were of a very high order of excellence, and singularly free, as indeed was the whole action of the convention, from party bias.

There has been more or less talk as to the way in which the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments would affect such State constitutions as that of Massachusetts, for instance, where a man may not vote unless he pays a certain annual tax and "can read and write," or that of Rhode

Island, where, also, a voter must be a taxpayer. Certain citizens of the latter State have been petitioning the Legislature to enquire whether or not the two amendments do not confer the right of suffrage on every United States citizen resident in Rhode Island, irrespective of the qualifications required by the State constitution. The question was referred to the Judiciary Committee, who give it an answer decidedly in the negative, and so, no doubt, it will be answered elsewhere. It is not debarring a man from voting on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude" to debar him from voting for non-payment of taxes or inability to write his name. Of course, it is within the possibilities that at some time in the future there may, in various parts of the Union, be evasions, in something like the Rhode Island fashion, of the force of the amendments; but, certainly, that is not now to be called the reasonable prospect. There seems, on the whole, a willingness to make political use of the negro, and he, if he has not yet shone as a legislator, works very well in party harness, and will work better the more he works. It may be doubted if five years from now anybody but a Southern woman, or an aged pastor of the Methodist Church South, or some other geographical Christian, will be saying a word against the right of the negroes to vote and to hold all the offices they can get themselves-voted into.

We must say that if the American Press Association has the least knowledge or sense in its management, and it has shown signs already of having a good deal, it can easily improve vastly on the European despatches of the Associated Press. The want of sense of perspective in the latter is something curious, although they have greatly mended since the earlier days of the cable, when they used to give us an account of the ladies' dresses at the Ascot races and even predict the price of stocks. But what can induce even a stupid man to telegraph across the Atlantic that "the *Saturday Review* has a savage article on Beecher's sermons?" If this be worth telegraphing, it shows that the reporter neglects his duties terribly, because we never hear from him of a million of facts of twentyfold greater importance. If the news be of the importance he thinks it is, however, how does he suppose we are going to wait till we see the article? Think of the suspense—ten days long—in thousands of American homes—the dreadful waking, morning after morning, of strong men and tender women, to the consciousness that the *Saturday Review's* judgments of Beecher's sermons were still on the treacherous sea—and the sermons all the while on our tables!

The most striking incident of the recent news from France has been the storm which has arisen against M. Laboulaye for his adhesion, since the *plébiscite*, to the Imperial régime. He has undoubtedly plenty of very good arguments with which to defend himself, and a fine character and great services to the Liberal cause to fall back on, but he has unfortunately taken office, and his son is in office, and the result is that he has exposed his opinions to suspicion, and has become an object of intense odium to the Liberals. The Strasbourgers have sent up a deputation to demand back from him a silver inkstand they once presented him, and declare their intention of suing him for it, and the students at the Collège de France refuse to hear him lecture, and have even mobbed him, as they did Dr. Tardieu for his evidence at the Tours trial. Ollivier has given what is considered exceedingly strong evidence of his reactionary tendencies in sending the "conspirators" for trial before the High Court of Justice, from which there is no appeal, even for defects of procedure, and the jury of which is likely to be composed largely of functionaries, and of which he confessed himself somewhat ashamed when the Noir murder case came up, but pleaded the state of the law as his excuse for convening it.

M. Ollivier's press prosecutions are now so numerous and reckless that even Paul de Cassagnac confesses that he is unable to account for them, and M. Ollivier is fast losing all respect whatever on the part of the Liberals. One of the sins for which the *Marseillaise* is under pursuit is a really good joke, viz., the publication of M. Grandperret's report on the conspiracy as a *feuilleton*, in parts, each closing with "to be continued." The severity of the Government, however, does not seem to extend out of Paris, and there is much curious testimony as to

the freedom with which the troops in the provinces were allowed to receive the electioneering documents distributed by the Radicals before the *plébiscite*. It is hardly possible to believe that the value of the army for Imperial purposes has not been seriously diminished by the part it has been allowed to take in the late vote. The exact number of "nons" cast in the army and navy is 52,000; and it is large enough, considering to what a soldier exposes himself who is *mal en* by his superiors, to excite a good deal of uneasiness at the Tuileries—particularly as it is supposed that the discontent of the privates must have more or less sympathy among the officers.

There has been a curious debate in the English Parliament on the opium traffic, or, rather, opium manufacture carried on by the Government in India. About \$40,000,000 a year of the Indian revenue is derived partly from duties on and partly from a Government monopoly of the drug, and the whole of it goes to China, where it pays a 10 per cent. import duty, which the Chinese in vain endeavored to raise to 20 per cent. when making the treaty of Tiensin, in 1860, when the trade was for the first time legalized. Sir William Lawson has just tried to get the House of Commons to pass a vote of censure on the Government connection with the trade, but was stoutly opposed both by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Grant Duff, on the ground, mainly, that the Indian Government and the holders of Indian securities, and the native cultivators of the poppy, cannot do without the money, and that if opium for the Chinese was not raised in India it would be raised somewhere else, and that to give it up, therefore, would be to inflict a fine on British subjects without doing anything for the improvement of the Chinese. This, however, is evidently not felt to be quite sufficient excuse, and a portion of the press—notably the *Pall Mall Gazette*—has entered into a discussion of the ethics of the affair which is interesting as a piece of casuistry. Whether opium-eating is not of some use; whether it is not the excess in the use of it which is objectionable, and whether, up to a certain point, it does not do the Chinese good, are all debated with much solemnity; but the main point remains after all untouched—whether a Christian government ought to engage actively in a trade which, somehow or other, works enormous evil. The argument that somebody else would carry it on if it did not, if sound, would justify a government monopoly of brothels and gambling-houses. The whole connection of the British Government with opium is an immense disgrace, not simply to England, but to Western religion and civilization, and it is made all the deeper by the spectacle which, we suppose, will now be witnessed every year, of men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Grant Duff finding excuses for it.

A correspondent elsewhere gives an interesting account of the preparations going on at Rome a month ago for forcing the infallibility dogma on the Council, as a Congressman would say, under the previous question. There appears now to be little or no doubt of its passage, and the dissentients begin at last to think what they will do next. Strong opposition—stronger even now when hope is gone than while there was reason to believe that the Papal party would yet recoil—shows itself both in France and Germany. Some of the leading German theologians preach against the dogma, and in Paris there is said to be talk of schism among the younger clergy and the gloomiest forebodings among the older. There is, too, a great outpouring of pamphlets from bishops of various degrees, but the Pope lets none of them into Rome, and has the letters of the malcontents opened in the post-office, which the *Univers* defends, as a very proper mode of preventing "the diffusion of error." Indeed, the proceedings of the Council there have so strikingly resembled the arrangements which we so often witness in this country for packing nominating conventions, that if people can be got to believe that this is now the only mode in which "the voice of God," in our time, makes itself heard by men, it is hard to see why the common domestic caucus, as we all know it, should not at last succeed in clothing itself with the character of an inspired body. It has nearly succeeded in doing so in the minds of many people already. The great difficulty has been the doubts felt whether "wire-pulling" was a proper mode of getting at the Divine will, but the example of the Ecumenical Council seems likely to settle this.

THE REPUBLICAN "APATHY."

WE are having just now a good deal of discussion of the condition and prospects of the Republican party, and it has derived fresh impetus from the result of the late New York election, which, while it revealed some rather startling results in the way of frauds on the part of the Democrats, revealed others nearly as startling in the way of "apathy" on the part of the Republicans. The vote of the latter on the judicial ticket was just about half what was cast for Grant in 1868. There has been a falling-off in the Democratic vote in the State also, but a very much smaller one. All the indications one can get at with regard to the state of feeling in other parts of the country, lead us to look for somewhat similar displays of indifference at the coming fall elections. Neither party is much excited or interested just now in politics; but, unquestionably, whatever energy or activity is to be found in either is to be found amongst the Democrats. Republicans have, therefore, begun to ask themselves with some anxiety how long this is going to last, and whether there is no means of getting up a revival of enthusiasm, or, at least, of vigilance, before the next Presidential election.

Harper's Weekly, which is perhaps the most hopeful of the Republican papers which make any claim to independence, in its last number pointed out, by the aid of citations from Democratic articles and speeches, the great danger to the highest interests of the country of allowing the present apathy and dissension to pervade the Republican ranks between now and the choice of the next President; and in doing so, really said nearly everything, as we hinted last week, that can be said just now by way of justifying the claims of the party to a continuance of the popular support. It is, no doubt, quite true that the only legal result of the war which the Democrats have accepted with a good grace is emancipation. Of every other they are ready, or at least a considerable portion of them, to get rid if they can; and it is also true that their success in getting rid of them would be a tremendous calamity. But then it is a great mistake, we think, to suppose that they hope all they wish, or that the policy with which they will go before the country in the next campaign will contain all, or indeed more than a very small part, of their aspirations. They know perfectly well that to win they must either secure a division of the Republican party or draw off a considerable number of Republican votes, or frame a platform that will contain nothing to rouse Republicans from their present lethargy; and there is not a particle of reason for believing that any Republican has the slightest desire to see anything undone that the war has done by way of legislation, or believes in the possibility of undoing it. In fact, if the Democrats wanted to hit upon a plan of rousing the old war enthusiasm and ensuring their utter and irretrievable defeat, they could not do a better thing than get up and declare their intention of opening up all the questions which Congress and the army have during the last ten years been engaged in settling, and they know this as well as anybody. They know that the country is sick of the reconstruction business and wants to have done with it, and that the attempt of the Republican majority in Congress to prolong the controversy over it has, perhaps, injured the party as much as anything; that what the people craves is "new issues;" and that, therefore, any party which took the field with nothing better to offer than a bundle of old ones would be beaten before it got into line. The rant of Mr. Richard O'Gorman, at the Judiciary Convention, about the need of political judges, and the acceptance by the *World* of the Ring candidates, on which *Harper's Weekly* comments, are one thing; a platform drawn up by Mr. O'Gorman and the editor of the *World* for adoption by a national convention would be another thing, as we shall see if they should ever be called on to frame one.

What has brought the Republican party into its present difficulties and has made its future look so doubtful, is this tendency to rely on the badness of the Democratic party as a sufficient substitute for a positive policy of its own. There could not be a greater mistake. No party, no matter what its past services, can hope to remain long in power on the ground that it is the less of two evils, or that if it is turned out something dreadful will happen. The country will bear with this for a while; but an attempt is sure to be made before long to discover a middle way out of the difficulty—that is, to create a party

which, while supplying security, will also supply progress. In other words, if the Republican party can do nothing more than keep the Democrats out of office, the country will look about for somebody that can keep the Democrats out of office and do a few odd jobs of reform besides. A majority in power cannot confine itself to standing guard over its conquests: it must march, and make others. People do not believe that everything that needs be done to secure the fruits of the war has been done by the three amendments to the Constitution, or that the war, besides doing much good, has left behind no evils which need immediate removal. The condition of the currency is an evil; the condition of the public debt is an evil; the weight of taxation is an evil; the state of the civil service is an evil; the tariff is an evil; and all are evils resulting directly or indirectly from the war, and they affect not only the comfort and happiness of every man, woman, and child in the community, but the honor and purity and efficiency of the Government. "The revenue of the state," says Burke, "is the state. In effect, all depends on it, whether for support or for reformation. . . . As all great qualities of mind which operate in public and are not merely suffering and passive require force for their display—I had almost said, for their unequivocal existence—the revenue, which is the spring of all power, becomes in its administration the sphere of every active virtue. . . . Through the revenue alone can the body politic ever act in its true genius and character, and therefore it will display just as much of its collective virtue, and as much of that virtue which may characterize those who move it and are, as it were, its life and guiding principle, as it is possessed of a just revenue." The revenue and the mode of raising and collecting it have been during the past winter the two great questions before Congress, and the majority has totally failed in its attempts to deal with them. The civil service, or the machinery for collecting and disbursing it, it has, indeed, openly refused to touch at all. It has put forward only one or two men who have shown either the knowledge or the capacity or the courage to deal with financial problems, while several of the leaders have introduced financial bills which were only prevented from being painful by being ludicrous. The one good thing it has done for the finances—the appointment of Commissioner Wells—it is now half ashamed of, and will, unless well watched, let him go in July.

With regard to the leading foreign questions, it has deliberately flung the *Alabama* question into a slough from which we doubt if any man in this generation will see it extricated, leaving the individual sufferers to suck their thumbs; and with regard to Cuba, it has taken neither good filibustering ground nor good legal ground, and, while not supporting the Administration, has recoiled from prescribing any change of policy. It has purchased Alaska and then refused to purchase St. Thomas, after the Executive had struck a bargain for it, leaving the world in some doubt as to what its views about expansion are. In short, the main claim of the present Congress to popular gratitude consists in its greater freedom from corruption than some of its predecessors, in spite of the poor element it has received from the South; but here again its virtues have been of the negative order, which in a party in power are only one degree better than vices.

We are sorry to say all this, because we heartily agree with all that we hear about the inferiority of the Democratic party; but the country can never be persuaded very long to content itself with a government which simply refrains from doing evil, and keeps out worse men; and it is time the majority in Congress were made to understand clearly that their performances are far from giving satisfaction. Plain speaking on the subject is all the more necessary because a good many of the Republican politicians are just now going about trying to cover up their own shortcomings by saying "that Grant's administration is a failure," evidently with a view of making this proposition do duty as an explanation of the rebuffs the party is meeting with in various parts of the country. What the Administration has failed in, except in distributing offices to the satisfaction of politicians, we have never yet heard explained, and do not expect to hear. Its great mistake in this, however, has lain in its trying to mix up two totally different principles of selection—that of merit and party requirements. The result has unquestionably been unfortunate, but small blame to the President.

FENIANISM AS A SWINDLE.

THE newspapers have almost without exception discussed the Fenian movement against Canada as a military operation, and are loud and indignant in their denunciations of the "folly," "cowardice," and "incompetence" of the leaders. The *World*, indeed, went so far as to read Starr, the "general" who commanded at "the battle" of Trout River, a lecture on the absurdity of entrenching an invading army, and pointed out to him, with much severity, that the business of an invader is to take strongholds, and not to make them, and that in allowing his forces to begin throwing up earthworks immediately after they crossed the line, he of necessity demoralized them by destroying their confidence in their ability to act on the offensive. In like manner, O'Neill, the "general" who commanded at the "battle" of Pigeon Hill, has been taken to task very harshly for not having crossed the frontier half a mile further to the west, where he could have pushed into British territory over an open meadow, instead of having to force a barrier of rocks and boulders covered with brush-wood.

We believe, however, that gross injustice has been done the Fenian chiefs by most of the judgments passed upon them as military men. Every man's performances have to be weighed with reference to what he really aims at, and no greater or more mischievous mistake can, in our opinion, be made than to suppose that the Fenian movement was simply a badly planned military enterprise. Starr, we are quite sure, knew just as well as the *World* the objections to allowing an invading army to squat down and throw up clay ten minutes after entering the enemy's country. But then, if he were to speak out his whole mind, he would tell the *World* that it must not look at him as the head of an army intent on reaching Montreal, but as the head of a mob, which had got into a very bad scrape, and which the soldiers were coming to disperse. Had the reporter of the *World* consulted him as he came running back over the line, we are sure he would have been able to point out the objections to the movement as forcibly, if not as perspicuously, as the editor himself. He might not be able to describe the strategic difficulties of the enterprise with technical correctness, but he had a monitor within which told him better than ten Jominis could have done that the field of Trout River on that particular occasion was no place for a prudent man. So, also, we are quite sure that the reason why O'Neill did not "charge" the Canadians was, not that he did not know that was the proper thing to do in order to clear the brush, but because he did not want to clear the brush, or thought it not unlikely that the brush could not be cleared without greater loss than his followers could stand. Moreover, we may depend upon it, he saw as plainly as anybody the objections to a general's allowing himself to be arrested by a constable on the field of battle, and carried to jail. The reason why he submitted was, doubtless, that he did not wish to remain on the field of battle any longer, and was glad to have somebody remove him.

In short, to pass judgment fairly on this wretched business, we must consider it, not as a military enterprise, but as a mode of raising money, for their personal use and behoof, by a gang of impudent and impecunious persons, averse to industry, without any regular calling or occupation, and fond of notoriety. We believe the aims of the leaders of the Fenian organization to have been neither better nor worse than those of the gentlemen who get up gift enterprises, open mock-auction stores, deal in lottery tickets, and practise the "confidence game" on innocent dealers and country visitors to the city. The Fenian attack on Canada was therefore simply the culmination of a gigantic but vulgar swindle, protracted through several years, and, it must be admitted, attended with a success such as no swindle has ever before had. If we look at the O'Neills, Gleasons, and Starrs from this point of view, we must confess that they are by no means failures. They stand at the head of their profession. They have succeeded in securing the payment to them and their predecessors and confederates, during a period of six or seven years, of perhaps two millions of money, in aid of an enterprise which was on its part wilder than any scheme ever set before the gullible public by any "operator" or Jeremy Diddler who has ever hitherto made his appearance; and of this money they have retained the sole control, without accounts, checks,

or auditing. We presume nobody out of their own small set knows what became of it. Some, but probably only a small part, was spent in arms and ammunition, and, doubtless, even in the purchase of these there was the most reckless jobbery, such as the supply of the 20,000 rounds of muzzle-loading ammunition which, we are told, lay on the ground at Fort Malone, for the use of troops with breech-loaders. How easy cheating came to them, we may guess from the accounts in the papers, during the last few days, of orators mounting on benches at any of the Fenian resorts in this city, reading a few lying telegrams from "the front," and then calling for recruits and subscriptions, and of the poor laborers pressing forward, with their five or ten hard-earned dollars, and handing them over, as they believed, for the expenses of "the campaign"—but, as we have no sort of doubt, ninety-nine per cent. for the payment of the orators' board and whiskey bills.

They have succeeded, too, in a country fresh from a gigantic war, and swarming with men familiar with the conditions of active service and with the elaborateness and magnitude of the preparations in the way of drill, organization, officers, transportation, commissariat necessary to enable even the smallest force to keep the field against an enemy, for a single week, in persuading a vast body of their countrymen that it was possible to conquer a province containing over three millions of inhabitants, and possessing a large regular force, and backed by a great empire, by assembling at one or two points on the frontier several mobs of laborers, who had never been drilled, battalioned, or brigaded, and had never seen or heard of their officers, and had no cannon or transportation or provisions or money, giving them rifles in their hands and green jackets, and hurrying them over the border. For this magnificent bit of imposture, too, they secured, if not the connivance, the respectful silence of a large portion of the press and the smiles of many members of Congress—the House actually helping them on in 1866, at the outset of the enterprise, by refusing to lay on the table, and referring to a committee by a large majority, a resolution proposing to repeal the neutrality laws, avowedly to prevent the Government from interfering with their designs against Canada. Nay, when driven by the clamors of their dupes to make an attack on Canada in that year, the President was assailed by the leading Republican organs—the *New York Tribune* included—for meddling with them, that is, for enforcing the laws against them. It must be admitted that no impostors ever before accomplished quarter as much.

To understand thoroughly the cruelty of the gang, and the wickedness, not to say blood-guiltiness, of those American editors and politicians who have helped them in their frauds, it must be remembered that their dupes are the poorest and most ignorant class of the American population. For the laborers and servant-girls who have been pouring their savings during the last seven years into the pockets of these charlatans, it is impossible not to feel some admiration as well as pity. With all their faults, there are few people in the world so ignorant as they are of politics and war who are capable of the enthusiasm for a remote and ideal good on which the Fenian organization has been based. The fire which has made the O'Neills and Starrs possible could never, it is safe to say, have been kindled in the breasts of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or even Americans of a corresponding degree of mental darkness. Let us, too, do justice to the unfortunate squads who followed their chieftains over the border, by saying that no men, under similar circumstances, would have done any better. The Irish have given proofs of courage on so many famous fields, that they can afford as well as any men to be repulsed under O'Neill and run away behind Starr. But then their very simplicity and excitability would have saved them from the practices of any but the most hardened knaves, and ought certainly to have prevented the knaves from receiving the countenance of educated Christians and philanthropists.

If it be asked why the impostors take the field, if they really never meant to fight, we reply that, as they collect the money for fighting purposes, the revenues fall off unless every two or three years there is a show of fighting, and it is to be observed that, when they do take the field, they do everything they can to let the enemy know they are coming, where they are going to cross, and in what force. Moreover, when the moment of action comes, they do the least possible amount

of fighting, and leave the field in advance of their dupes. The utmost they hope for is an appearance of advantage over the Canadian militia, which they would be able to magnify into a "battle," and raise more money on. Although not men of education, they know enough of war to know perfectly well that, having no supplies or transportation, their armies would have to disband, even after a victory, for want of food; or, what amounts to the same thing, would have to live by marauding. What a prospect this opened up to the Canadian farmers and their families may be guessed by those who are aware of what kind of material enters into the composition of these Fenian armies.

We cannot help believing that the swindle has at last reached its end. The sentiment of the American public about the whole business has at last found strong and united utterance, and even party feeling has not led to attacks on the President for doing his duty in the matter. The *New York Tribune*, too, which represents to the Fenians the leanings of the Republican party more strongly than any other paper, has on this matter passed under the control of conscience and common sense, and has given vent, apropos of this last raid, to the honest indignation which nearly everybody feels.

ONE MORE ARGUMENT FOR A BETTER CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM.

Now that the question of civil service reform has passed the stage of vituperation and reached that of argument, it may not be uninteresting to bring before the public a department of the Government where the essential principles of Mr. Jenckes's plan have been in operation for over a quarter of a century. In the United States Coast Survey we have an example of the results of permanence in office, of promotion determined by service and abilities, and of pay graduated by the value of services, and see their results in the devoted labor, so arduous as to require the highest talents of both body and mind, of its members, and in the *esprit de corps* inciting the officers to their best work—showing how well this system of work is suited to the exigencies of our public service.

The Coast Survey had its nominal beginning almost at the creation of the Government, but its real work began when it came into the hands of its lamented chief, the late Alexander Dallas Bache. Under his supervision, the corps grew from the dozen officers who confined their efforts to certain special points on the shore to a body of more than one hundred. As the survey rose to importance, after President Jackson began the system of rotation in office, and developed under the cautious policy of a chief who knew enough to shelter it from politics, it was so fortunate as to escape the evils of that system. This branch of the public service is organized on a different basis from any other department of the Government. It has but three grades—*aid*, *sub-assistant*, and *assistant*—so that the chances of promotion are quite limited. The pay of none of these officers exceeds that of a captain of infantry of the same length of service. During the past decade, the pay of the aids has not averaged over \$600 per annum, and that of the two highest grades has been on the average less than \$1,600—salaries not calculated, it would seem, to induce men of ability to seek or retain positions in the service. The duties are severe, equalling if not exceeding in exposure and hardship those of the soldier's or sailor's life. The field parties remain the whole year at their work, employed on different parts of the coast at different seasons.

There are those who will imagine that such a life might have something of sportsman adventure about it. They will soon be disenchanted if they accompany a party into the field. Let them start with the chief of the party and his aids, after an early breakfast, for a day's work which is to last until five, and drag with him through some miles of swamp, determining the position of each lagoon and each bosky island. Let him sleep in a storm-shaken tent, miles away from all the conveniences of life, and repeat this year after year, and look forward to it as the work of his lifetime, and then estimate its fascination. It needs no more extended description to show that this is work which in itself is not highly desirable; that its remuneration is not such as to attract a man into it with the hope of soon accumulating a fortune; and yet no service in any country has been more fortunate in the character of its officers, none where the labor is more faithful and devoted,

none where there is so little difficulty in selecting satisfactory candidates for any position which may become vacant. Young men of education, who would be insulted by the offer of any other inferior position in our civil service, eagerly accept the chance of the place of aid, with its pay less than a common laborer earns, though their work may be one continued hardship until their promotion comes.

We do not have to look far to find the main cause of this wide difference in the condition of this branch and the other divisions of our civil service. We find it in the nature of the tenure by which the officers hold their positions. Each appointment being for life, or during good behavior, every member of the corps is sure that diligent service is the only claim to his office, and that while he gives this nothing can ever forfeit his position. Further than this, the young men know that although, during their time of schooling, which lasts from six to seven years, they receive but small pay and occupy quite subordinate positions, they have only to wait and work to achieve the highest position which their corps can give. There is some advantage in the limited extent of the promotion. An able officer arrives at the highest stage of the rank of the corps during his youth, and feels then that the promotion of the future is the elevation in the esteem of his compeers which able work alone can give. The grades of rank are enough to express the successive stages in the educational progress of the officer, without affording an opportunity for the incumbent of any position to be continually seeking promotion, an evil which is likely to exist whenever a whole lifetime may be spent in successive advancements.

There are those who have asserted, some of them no doubt with conviction that it was more than a good war-cry, that any civil service system which embodied the idea of permanence in office and systematic promotion, based on value of services, would lead to the formation of an *aristocracy* of officeholders. Expressed in this way, the well-informed reader is apt to laugh at the assertion, and think it unworthy of argument; but to credit the propounders of this argument with something better than the silly idea their words express, we will suppose they mean that a body of officeholders, intelligent, trained in the art of association, secured against the world while they fulfilled their tasks, might prove too powerful for safety. With their influence, they might have something of the same dangerous power now held by such large systems of corporations as the national banks. Although the temptations to political efforts on the part of the officers of the Coast Survey have been, on the whole, as great as they could be expected to be in any department of the civil service; although, as a remarkably intelligent body, it would have had great opportunities if such a position could give them, we have yet to hear that the liberties of the country have been menaced by it, or that it is the seed of the coming aristocracy.

Nor can it be asserted that it is the accidents of this Coast Survey service which make its positions seem so desirable to those seeking public employment. There is no showy uniform, no sounding titles bringing a traditional respect. Whatever credit attaches to the service and reflects upon its officers is to be attributed solely to the reputation for skilful work which has been gained by the corps. We must leave it to the microscopic eye of some of the objectors to Mr. Jenckes's plan to discern the reason why this system, which works so cheaply and effectively in the difficult work of surveying our extended coast line, cannot be applied to another coast work, namely, the collection of our customs; or why a plan which secures faithful service from parties of civilians, working in positions where they cannot be closely watched, might not secure a like efficiency in the other branch of our much-abused revenue system.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 13, 1870.

I READ in the last number of the *Nation* that has reached me a letter from one of your correspondents, in which he speaks of the advocates of women's rights in England, and contrasts them favorably with their more enthusiastic transatlantic sisters. It is not for me to reject the compliment, and, in fact, I think there is some ground for it. I must, however point out one mistake into which he has fallen. He says that Miss Garrett

has obtained much credit by writing against the "Contagious Diseases Act." Now, Miss Garrett has certainly gained much credit, but it was by writing a very powerful letter *in favor* of that act. It is a matter which I have refrained from discussing in your pages, for the question is not in any aspect a very nice one. The policy of the act may be disputed, though, in my opinion, the evidence is very distinctly in its favor. I believe that it has done much good to the troops and to the populations of the towns where it is in operation, and that it is more likely to be extended than to be repealed. However this may be, I cannot agree with your correspondent that the ladies have, as a rule, gained credit by their manner of dealing with the question. Miss Garrett is a very honorable exception; but I think I may safely say that few things have recently tended to disgust ordinary men with the women's rights advocates more than their behavior in this case. It is not that they have argued against the act; there are undoubtedly very plausible reasons on their side, though not, in my opinion, conclusive reasons; but the ladies have all along behaved as though shrieking were to be substituted for reason. They have endeavored to get up a popular agitation, and, for that purpose, have not refrained from all sorts of irrelevant, and what old-fashioned people will call unladylike, appeals to buncombe. Of course, I may be suspected of prejudice, as I avow myself to be a partisan of the act. I think I could justify myself, if necessary, by quoting passages from the pamphlets which have been showered upon the world in the course of the contest. However, I must be content to give you my opinion for what it is worth, and to say that, so far as I have observed, the ladies appear to think that argument is irrelevant, and that they can see to the bottom of the complicated question by a species of direct intuition, and answer tables of statistics by texts from Scripture. In short, they have used the logic conventionally attributed to women with such pertinacity as to justify in some degree the sneers generally directed against them by their opponents. I will only add, in regard to this subject, that an enquiry is about to be made into the working of the acts in question, and I may probably have an opportunity for speaking more fully of its results.

Meanwhile, the ladies have had a great, though a temporary, triumph. The second reading of the Women's Disabilities Bill was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of about 30 (if I remember rightly) in a house of over 200. The victory was unexpected except by a few enthusiasts, and naturally caused much rejoicing. By adding to the votes recorded in their favor those which were known to be pledged in one way or other, it was estimated that they could count upon a vote of from 166 to 170 members. The victory was partly due to the action of Government. Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, made a speech which was singularly unfortunate. I do not know how it comes to pass, but for some years the Home Secretary has always been the weakest member of the Cabinet. The gentleman cast for the character is generally of the respectable and amiable type, unmarked by any uncomfortable tendency to originality, which is so popular in the House of Commons. Poor Mr. Walpole's tears before the appeals of Mr. Beales are not forgotten, and Mr. Bruce is apparently not much stronger than Mr. Walpole. He has been a good deal badgered of late for certain new regulations in regard to cabs and for various cases of reprieve to criminals. Perhaps this has weakened his nerve; but at any rate he stated that the Government had no particular opinion about the measure, and added, what seems to be rather in the nature of a bull, that he hoped that this statement would not be taken as expressing the opinion of Government. This ingenious exposition of a singularly indefinite frame of mind was probably favorable to the Radicals. If Government could not see their way to forming any definite conclusion on a matter of so great social and political importance, it was hardly worth while for anybody to protest; and the Radicals, as the most enthusiastic party, had it all their own way. During the ensuing week, however, people apparently reflected on the magnitude of the change introduced, and became startled at what they had done. Mr. Bouvier—a good, steady Whig of the old school—moved the rejection of the bill on going into committee. Mr. Gladstone ingeniously apologized for his subordinate, and gave reasons for objecting to the bill. He did not indeed attack the principle upon which it is founded—and it may be remarked that there has been very little direct opposition of that kind—but simply said that at present the desire for the suffrage was not sufficient to justify so radical a change, and that he should vote against the bill. With this encouragement the conservative element regained its vigor, and the bill was rejected by 220 to 96—rather a surprising change from the last occasion. I have not yet seen the division lists, and therefore cannot tell you whether any conversions have been effected, or how it came to

pass that the reformers declined so much from their previous demonstration.

I may just notice that the admission of women to the suffrage would not make so great a change here as with you, inasmuch as it would be only householders who would be entitled to vote; and thus a married woman would not generally obtain a vote. In some towns, however, there would be a great addition to the existing constituencies; in Bath the number of voters would be increased by one-fourth, and in Manchester there would be 7,000 new votes. This change might produce very considerable effects; and probably the general feeling is that we ought not to make such a leap in obedience to the demands of theorists. A good many members, perhaps, feel that they might be uncomfortable in their seats if a new set of voters were suddenly added, of whose proclivities we can form no very distinct opinion. But it is also felt more generally that the matter will bear a little more discussion and reflection before we proceed to take a step which, in all probability, we shall never be able to retrace. The facts at issue are too important, and the possible effects upon the social order too far-reaching, to allow of the question being decided, as it were, as a mere insignificant interlude between the main operations of the session.

Although this important change is not to be counted amongst the results of the session, there are better prospects of some good results in the shape of legislation. The Irish Land Bill has at length taken a start. The most critical points have been decided; people have grown weary of discussion; and the general agreement that something must be done has very much strengthened the desire of compromise. As the bill quickens its pace, there comes to be more chance of the Education Bill, and for several smaller projects which are following in its wake. Government has at length come out decidedly in favor of the abolition of tests at the universities, and has actually introduced a measure providing for secret voting in parliamentary elections. It is a sign of the times that this measure has attracted so little notice, in presence of far more important questions, that it will probably pass without much serious opposition. If the Land Bill and the Education Bill pass, the Government will have a fair right to congratulate themselves on having turned out an unprecedented amount of work, and they can only hope that the quality will be as satisfactory as the quantity.

Meanwhile, the great subject of conversation in London (now that the Greek murders are two or three weeks old) is Mr. Disraeli's novel. Opinions vary considerably, according to the political prejudices of the critic. Extreme Radicals generally admire it, to have the pleasure of saying that it is at least far more amusing than Mr. Gladstone's "*Juventus Mundi*." Extreme Tories are slightly scandalized at the levity exhibited by their leader; and many people are a little inclined to find fault with its singular personalities—especially in regard to a distinguished Oxford professor who takes refuge in America. As everybody agrees that it is clever, and many people think it clever in a superlative degree, I can safely recommend your readers to form their own judgment. Mr. Disraeli is one of those men who are destined to be enigmas to their fellows through the course of their lives. If some people disapprove of him for his want of principle, others admire the cynical candor with which he parts with his principles; and I think that a good many men consider that the difference between him and his more successful rival is that Mr. Gladstone is able to persuade himself that he is always profoundly conscientious, and that Mr. Disraeli is not, whilst at bottom they are much the same. I do not agree with this, for I confess to a considerable belief in Mr. Gladstone, though I come far short of the reverential and almost loverlike sentiments of the *Telegraph* and the *Spectator*; but I admit that he reminds me a little too frequently of that gentleman in the French revolution who began to be a bore with his "*Etre suprême*." Mr. Gladstone is rather too full of his deep moral consciousness, and too innocent of anything like a sense of humor. In Mr. Disraeli the faculties are developed in the inverse ratio, and, if less to be respected, he is certainly more amusing.

May I add one word on another matter? Mr. Lee Warner, writing from England, thinks I have been unjust to Dr. Temple. I do not wish to carry on a controversy with a near neighbor by so roundabout a method. I will only say, therefore, that I should be very sorry to speak disrespectfully of Dr. Temple, whose motives I believe to be excellent; but I continue to think that he made a very unfortunate impression at the meeting of Convocation, and that impression is not diminished by Mr. Lee Warner's arguments. I have no doubt that he will be an excellent bishop, and that he is a man of high generosity and liberal temperament. I only fear that he is a little too anxious to please everybody.

THE CRISIS AT ROME.

[THE following consists of extracts from a private letter from an American traveller, whose opportunities for observation have been unusually good:]

ROME, May 5, 1870.

The importance of the Council in the history of the Church can hardly be overrated. I have not agreed with the *Nation* during the winter in its views of the probable results of the action of the Council. It has seemed to me, and what I saw and heard in Rome confirmed me in the opinion, that the extreme Papal party is shrewd and worldly-wise in securing the dogmatic definition of Papal infallibility, and in setting the Church in direct and defiant opposition to modern intelligence, and to the principles on which free political institutions are founded. Once admit the original premises of the Catholic creed, and the extremest assertions of the authority of the Church are easily accepted. The doctrine of the immanence of the Holy Spirit in the Church has Papal infallibility as a logical consequence. The charge to Peter is the warrant for the utmost claims of spiritual absolutism. The existing powers in Rome are intelligent enough to recognize that the other churches or sects, that assert spiritual rights over the consciences and thoughts of men, are in a false position compared with that of the Roman Church; are deficient in logic, and have no tradition like hers. The struggle of the Reformation was but to a very imperfect liberty of opinion; it was but a half-victory of free thought. Rome has no real quarrel with the Protestant sects. But this century, beginning to put in actual practice the doctrine of toleration, and asserting the absolute authority of the reason and the right of free thought, has gradually drawn the lines between the Church and the unchurched with great sharpness. The dispute is not now about justification and salvation, about faith and grace; it is between the principle of authority and that of freedom in matters of opinion, between faith and scepticism, between supernaturalism and science, between obscurantism and intelligence. The Church does not blink the fact that "enlightenment," "culture," so-called, is against her in the struggle; but she takes her ground in full view of the camp of her opponents; looking through history, she says the "enlightened" have always been an inconsiderable minority, they have always been disturbers of the established order and disbelievers in the established faith. The majority always rests upon and yields to a well-asserted authority; the majority is unintelligent, does not reason, does not like reasoners, wants to be quiet, and to be assured of its own belief and certain of its own salvation. Power then will rest with the spiritual authority that has the best disciplined forces, that asserts its claims the most positively, and that tries no compromises with freedom of thought. The leaders of the Papal party distinctly mean "obscurantism;" they mean to make all the bishops more dependent than heretofore on Rome, to have all the Catholic institutions of learning wholly under control, to exclude all liberal professors, and to reduce the whole ecclesiastical body, so far as obedience and submissiveness are concerned, to the likeness of the order of the Jesuits. *Non homines sed cadavera* was Loyola's description of what he required the members of his order to become. Now all this seems to me a shrewd and able policy, and if it is carried out as vigorously and as unrelentingly as it has been entered on, it will not only render the Roman Church a much more compact and united body than it has been, but far more powerful also, and far more dangerous and difficult to deal with in a free state. It makes the question of the relation of the Church to our own institutions more important than it has hitherto been, and makes a demand that will hardly be answered on the foresight of our public men.

Of course one of the most clearly foreseen results of this policy is the more or less rapid separation of church and state in the European countries. The state-paid bishops have had a hard time in the Council. If they voted against the majority, taunts of self-interest and corruption have been freely shot at them; if they voted for the doctrine in favor at Rome, they exposed themselves to displeasure at home.

Indeed, party feeling has run extremely high at Rome all winter, and the bitterness of expression on one side and the other has been as great as if the bishops had taken lessons of Greeley and Brownlow. In Rome itself the importance of the Council has been measured, I think, more correctly than outside of Rome; partly, no doubt, owing to the very partial and unsatisfactory reports of its proceedings in the German and French, as well as in the English papers.

I had the good fortune to find friends and acquaintances at Rome through whom I was brought into the thick of affairs at once. The central power at Rome have used every illegitimate as well as every legiti-

mate means to overcome the opposition, and to carry through its projects; it has persuaded, vexed, threatened, bribed, wheedled, and spied. It has practised all the arts of frightening and of corruption. One instance will illustrate the sort of proceeding that has been common. One day, at the rooms of the International Committee, so-called (a place of meeting of the bishops in opposition), the Bishop of Halifax, who has taken a prominent part in affairs, happened to say, "Well, I have converted a good many men in my time, but I don't think I can convert the Pope." Two or three days afterwards he was sent for by Cardinal Barnabo, who said to him that there were, as he knew, several appeals against him from clergy in his diocese lying unsettled at Rome, and that he could hardly expect the support of the Roman authorities if he were often so imprudent as to imply that he thought the Holy Father stood in need of conversion. The same game has been tried and has succeeded with other bishops. Bishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, has been even more explicitly warned, but he is too stout a man to be scared. He has shown himself in the Council much the ablest of our American bishops, and seems to be regarded by both sides as one of the clearest and strongest-headed men in the Church. He does not speak much, but weightily, and is a tower of strength in his steadiness and unwavering counsel. The real leader and master of the opposition within the Council is Strossmayer; he has shown not only great boldness but great power; he is an effective speaker, and a good logician, as well as a thorough theologian. He has completely broken with the court of Rome, and no man is more hated by the ultra party than he.

The moment that we arrived in Rome happened to be a critical one. Daru's last letter had just arrived. It was a great blow to the opposition, a great cause of exultation to the ultras. Daru's policy has been from the beginning well-meaning but weak, and the interference of the French Government, even if supported by the other powers, so long as the interference was merely verbal (and it could in the nature of things be nothing else than mere remonstrance), was really calculated to strengthen the hands of the extreme Papal party, by affording a practical exhibition of the inefficiency of the only methods which the governments of Europe were prepared to adopt to prevent the consummation of the Papal schemes. The opposition leaders spoke frankly of the position into which the liberal party in the Church was gradually being forced as one of great pain and grave responsibility. It was plain that the doctrine of infallibility would be defined as a dogma of the Church, and belief in it declared essential to salvation. It remained to be seen, however, in what form it would be carried, and how far the opposition might succeed in rendering the form less unacceptable than that which the Papal party would propose. It was plain, however, that that party were resolved, if possible, to drive them from the Church—in other words, to force a schism; but, though communion with the Church might be denied to them, they did not see how, against their will, they could be unchurched. They might, indeed, be refused the holy offices; but then the question would arise, would it be possible for the authorities at Rome so completely to subjugate the whole priesthood that no priest could be found who would administer to them the sacraments of the Church? They were not afraid of this. Priests whose standing in the Church could not be questioned were found to administer the sacraments to men in the kingdom of Italy who lay under the ban of excommunication. But as yet it was hardly needful to consider these matters too closely. The opposition had not determined what course to take if affairs came to the worst; they had been too busy with the work of to-day to consult about that of to-morrow. The interest of the moment was concentrated on the action consequent on Daru's dispatch and on the final votes on the *Schema de Fide*.

On the Sunday after Easter an open session of the Council was to be held—the third—"open" meaning, in this case, that the close plank barrier that divides the northern transept where the Council sits from the rest of the church, would be in great part taken down, so as to afford to persons in the church a clear view of the Council Hall, and that the tribunes or galleries for the diplomatic body and for other distinguished personages, erected above the benches for the bishops, would be at the service of the persons for whom they were intended. It was understood that at this open session the Constitution of *Fide* would be put to the final vote, and, receiving the sanction of the Pope, would be established as part of the dogma of the Church. On the Tuesday preceding, the Schema was read for the last time in secret session; a minority of some thirty bishops gave in their *placets* with reasons, stating their objections to special clauses and phrases. As I understand, these objections mainly bore on certain phrases in the Proœmium, and in the chapter in which the relations of Faith and Reason were defined, which the doctrine of Papal infallibility.

All the forms of procedure in the Council are different from those of common deliberative assemblies, and although the Constitution has passed what may be called the third reading, there was still some reason to hope that the objections of the minority might lead to some modification in the language of the Constitution on which they would have to vote on Sunday. On Friday, however, the Constitution, printed as it was to be voted upon, was distributed to the bishops, and it appeared that the objectionable phrases were not in any respect modified. As the vote in the public session could not be argued, could only be by simple *placet* and *non placet*, the minority found themselves placed in this dilemma—if they voted *placet*, they were entrapped into virtual approval of the claim of infallibility; if they voted *non placet*, they would appear to vote against definitions and canons in which the fundamental doctrines of Roman Christianity were embodied.

On Saturday, I heard that all had yielded, and would vote *placet*, except Strossmayer; his course was still undecided. Since then I hear that his resolution was to absent himself from the session.

The next day, St. Peter's was almost as full as on Easter Sunday. Every part of the great church from which a view of the transept could be had was close packed. The crowd at Rome this year is more picturesque even than usual. The Pope presided at the session; the bishops in their white mitres were ranged in rows along the sides of the hall; but the distances in the church are so enormous, and its atmosphere so thick, that when we stood under the dome it was impossible to distinguish the individual features of the bishops, especially hidden as they were under the uniform disguise of their mitres. The reading of the constitution and the voting took a long while; at last they came to an end, and there was a moment's pause, and then the voice of the Pope, remarkable even now in his old age for its sonorous fulness and sweetness, was heard sanctioning and confirming by his apostolic authority the decrees and canons contained in the constitution; then there was another pause, in which some formal acts were accomplished, and then suddenly the Pope's voice was heard intoning the first words of the *Te Deum*. The whole Council joined, and the responses were made by the faithful in the church. I never heard such a volume of sound in St. Peter's. It was a most impressive moment; a scene quite unmatched in my experience in the variety of its appeals to the imagination. The immense solemnity and importance to those who took part in it of the ceremonial itself, the marvellous history of the Church in which this would always be a memorable event, the strange contrast between the life of the Church and the actual life of the world, between this dogma and the truth, the immense interests involved—interests reaching far forward, the personal passions involved, the place itself—all these combined, as you will well see they might, to touch deeply even one so far removed from Romanism as myself. The Papacy is very great on such an occasion. Its art is almost perfect.

You see that now we are to have infallibility defined and sanctioned at once, before the weather gets too hot. Then the Council will disperse for a time, or for ever, having accomplished its most important object, but leaving undone the larger part of the work it has undertaken; but an infallible Pope will not want it, and very likely it may never meet after its first prorogation.

Correspondence.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me space for brief comment on a paper entitled "French and English Illustrated Magazines," which appears in this June number of the *Atlantic Monthly*? No amount of ignorance concerning that nearly lost and almost unknown art of wood-engraving could astonish me; and yet it did not seem too much to expect in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* at least some glimmer of intelligence. To fully answer the paper would require as much space as the paper itself misuses; I can only hope for your permission to notice the most remarkable portions of it. Setting aside, therefore, the writer's peculiar theories as to the narrow domestic groove in which English printed art (e.g., *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*) is confined; noting only, as samples of the writer's method, his curious lists of draughtsmen and engravers (a third or fourth-rate draughtsman like Morin exalted as the "inimitable master," and Birket Foster as the representative of English landscape, while Hennessy—our best book-illustrator here—is twice conspicuously placed at the end of his array, and Brevière—by far the best of French wood-engravers—finds no

mention at all), leaving these matters for the more important, I come at once to mistakes, which show that the writer has no real knowledge whatever of the subject which he treats. These it is the more necessary to point out, because there is a certain grand air of authoritative in the writing which partially hides its insufficiency and incorrectness:

"Wood-engraving is the modest art of our home life; and from the old Dutch Bible, with its curious cuts of literal art, to the last Christmas Almanac, what a simple and attractive service it has rendered to literature! Discovered at nearly the same time as printing, it has always marched hand in hand with it, illustrating and popularizing the thoughts and imaginations of poets and artists, and enlarging the experience of the age."

What does the essayist mean by "discovered at nearly the same time as printing"? Is he not aware that wood-engraving and wood-cutting (not to confound the last with "carving") are two distinct processes? Does he not know that the first wood letters used in printing were as much wood-engravings (if he insists on the word) as the cuts of "the old Dutch Bible"—drawn with the same lineal exactness, cut with the same knife-tools, absolutely in the same manner, and with precisely the same amount—and no more—of mechanical or artistic skill? Why, the earliest wooden stamps were wood-cuts; the first name or mark cut on a tree was also a wood-cut; and the discovery of printing was not "nearly at the same time." Wood-cutting was discovered ages before printing, and wood-engraving not till two centuries after.

"It is to the credit of English book-makers that they first secularized the art of book-illustration, and first placed the wood-cut at the service of the people. The English originated the Penny Magazine," etc.

Secularized "is good"—an excellent phrase; but would the writer imply that the Penny Magazine was the beginning of book-illustration? Are Bewick and his peers forgotten, while Birket Foster's box-leaves are so green? Has the writer never heard of Caxton?

"The best drawings upon the block are either very black or very gray, and the very gray are oftentimes the most unsatisfactory. If an artist does not see any force or emphasis of shadow or effect in nature, he would do best in using the pure line to express his subject."

From history to practice! Is this the loose statement of a fact or a critical recommendation? Why must the best drawings be either very black or very gray? And how are the very gray the most unsatisfactory? If an artist does not see, let him not attempt to render. Good! but only telling him to confine himself to pure line when he can do nothing else is not very profound criticism. And if he cannot use the pure line? Is "pure line" so easy?

"It remains for me briefly to consider modern engravers upon the wood. The fathers of wood-engraving, who had the simplest method, did not aim to reach the results of the modern engraver. They did not dream of any of the subtle effects of atmosphere and fine gradation of surface which are now produced by French and English engravers. . . . I think they illustrated the distinctive character of the art of engraving upon wood. Holbein's designs are rude and vigorous, but sure and expressive in line. Albert Dürer's are vigorous and simple. None of the old draughtsmen upon wood made so much use of black or color as the modern designers. They seemed to think the line a sufficient means of expression," etc.

"Rude and vigorous, but sure;" "vigorous and simple;" "black or color;" the very expressions betray the ignorance of the writer; but I pass them by to remark that no such thing as a "subtle effect of atmosphere" was ever produced, or attempted, by any French engraver whatsoever; and for the English—the present manner of drawing (which is not the manner of Dürer and Holbein) does absolutely prohibit and prevent either atmospheric effect or gradation of surface. Albert Dürer's drawings are full of color (do not confound that with black), and color is given sometimes by the designers of to-day, both French and English; but the other qualities (atmospheric effect and gradation of surface) are not to be found in any of the books named, or in any work of a single engraver mentioned in this *Atlantic* paper. On the other hand, the fathers of wood-engraving—Bewick, Clennell, Nesbit, the discoverers of wood-engraving as an art (for wood-cutting is purely mechanical), whose works were known here in America before the incubation of our critic—they did produce the effects which modern engravers (the French remarkably) do not dream of. Will the critic reply that he does not mean these fathers, but the great-grandfathers, Dürer and Holbein? Then I tell him again that Dürer and Holbein drew as they did on wood, not thinking "the line a sufficient means of expression," but knowing the mechanic could cut nothing else.

I might take many more exceptions to the paper under notice. But on some points it may be only a question of taste, and others may be left to your own criticism. What I have spoken of seemed especially within the province of

A WOOD-ENGRAVER.

CIVILIAN GENERALS IN THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of the "Life of Fairfax," in the May 12 number of the *Nation*, occurs the following: "In our civil war the volunteers failed, almost without exception, as generals, and the West Pointers alone succeeded." It can hardly be claimed that the following-named generals "failed," neither of whom was a West Pointer, namely: Cox, Terry, Blair, Grierson, Jeff. C. Davis, and Logan. At the close of the war, not one of the corps commanders in Sherman's army was a West Pointer.

Very respectfully,

J. N. STILES.

CHICAGO, May 23, 1870.

[The reviewer, we believe, had in his mind generals holding independent commands. The only volunteer who succeeded in an operation of any magnitude on his own responsibility was, we think, General Terry. Generals acting in the field under orders are not usually criticised as generals, though they may be excellent officers.—ED. NATION.]

MR. N. G. PARKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to a series of interrogatories in your last issue in regard to the character and antecedents of Mr. N. G. Parker, formerly a captain in my regiment, and now State Treasurer of South Carolina. As my name is mentioned by you in connection with these enquiries, and as they seem to call in question the character of a brother officer who is not here to answer for himself, I beg leave briefly to answer them in your columns.

1. Captain Parker was under my command nearly two years, during which he proved himself a very efficient and valuable officer, whom I should have been very sorry to lose.

2. He must have had a similar reputation in his first regiment, the First Massachusetts Cavalry. It was one of the very strictest regiments I ever saw; he held in it the very responsible rank of First Sergeant; and his company commander, Captain (afterward Colonel) Rand, begged me not to obtain Sergeant Parker's promotion, as he "could not spare him."

3. Of his "occupation before enlistment" I remember nothing, if I ever knew anything; but he was very intelligent, was apparently well-taught, and his excellent business habits indicated some business training. Had there been anything against his previous "reputation," I should have been very likely to hear it, but not a breath ever reached me.

4. The "nature of his preparation" for the office of State Treasurer I cannot say; but he reached the post by gradual promotion. After the war, he settled in Charleston. He was appointed by the military authorities an alderman of that city. He was then chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention, where he became chairman of the Finance Committee. The printed record of that important convention shows how laboriously and faithfully he discharged his duties, and how important a part he took in the whole proceedings of that body. It was from this position that he was promoted to the Treasurership of the State. In that post he has brought order out of chaos, and has made South Carolina the first of the seceded States to pay the full interest on her debt.

In what respect this is anything but a manly and honorable record, I fail to see. Mr. Parker's opinion in regard to "educational deficiencies" would be simply that of an able and well-informed man. In this case, however, his testimony seems to bear not upon a matter of opinion but of fact; and it is not to be met, I should suppose, by assailing the character of the witness. Yours truly,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,

Late Colonel 1st S. C. Vols. (33d U. S. C. T.)

NEWPORT, R. I., May 29, 1870.

[We asked the questions referred to in consequence of the receipt of very unfavorable testimony from a gentleman who served with Mr. Parker in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, and, considering the character of some of the Southern office-holders, they were perfectly proper questions to ask with regard to any Southern politician cited as a witness touching the working of the system of government now set up in South Carolina as well as in other States. The matter is, however, as it seems to us, not one of opinion or of fact, but of evidence. Whether the pay-rolls were really signed by members of the Legislature, or whether their signing them was an indication of *bona fide* possession of the arts of reading and writing, depends, for our purpose, on the

value of Mr. Parker's evidence, and that depends on the value of Mr. Parker's character—for which we have done, as it seems, the best thing possible by asking Col. Higginson's opinion of it.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's "Constitutional View of the late War between the States" will shortly be concluded by the publication of the second volume. It will be sold only by subscription, through the National Publishing Company of Philadelphia.—With sincere regret we have to record the death last week of Mr. William V. Spencer, of Boston, than whom no more estimable or modest publisher adorned the profession. The admirers of Mr. Mill and of Mr. Martineau—not to speak of other metaphysicians whose writings are too elevated for a popular audience—knew Mr. Spencer as a benefactor; and he should also be remembered for the care which he bestowed upon the manufacture of the choice books in which he from time to time indulged himself. He published these in a style which the sale never justified, or which he scarcely expected it to justify, and spent money in advertising them which he knew would never return to him. He was, in a word, very far removed from the desire for riches, and very near to the ideal publisher, whose memory is equally grateful to authors, private friendship, and the public.—It is proper, also, to speak a word of respect and regret on occasion of the death of Mr. Eliakim Littell, the founder of *Littell's Living Age*, which is so well known to the whole American reading public. Mr. Littell was born on the second day of the year 1792, so he had reached a great age; but he was remarkable for his youthful appearance and his well-preserved strength. He was, in fact, an excellent specimen of a sort of men once, perhaps, commoner in Boston than now. It was in 1844 that he established his periodical, which has been from the beginning eclectic, and always, we believe, a weekly magazine. Certainly, it has always been the best of the eclectic magazines, and much of the best of recent English periodical literature may be found in its hundred or so of volumes. Perhaps some other time would be a fitter occasion for saying something about the morality of eclectic magazines.

—The population of Ohio is at least five times as great as that of Connecticut, but the number of divorces granted last year in the former State was but 1,003, while in the latter it amounted to 491. To every twenty-four marriages in Ohio there was one divorce; in Connecticut, one to every nine and seven-tenths. It is clear that the West has no monopoly of immorality. In both the States named the increase of the ratio of divorce is worthy of attention. In 1866, in Ohio, the proportion was one to twenty-six; in 1865, in Connecticut, one to eleven of the marriages. Last year, the three most populous counties in Connecticut showed the largest number of divorces. This was to be expected. The same counties, however, have the largest foreign population; is there any connection between these facts? Perhaps Dr. Allen might here find something to console us natives with. Out of 4,754 marriages, 271 were between a foreign male and an American female, and 181 between a foreign female and an American male. Are there no statistics to show whether such marriages turn out better or worse than when both parties are foreigners or both native-born? The greatest number of births in Connecticut occurred in March and September, and this agrees with what happened in Massachusetts in 1867, so far as March is concerned. We presume that in the one State, as in the other, the greater proportion of the births regularly fall in the latter half of the year.

—The trial of Mr. Buckalew's plan of personal representation in the village where he lives has attracted some notice, though the field was too small to prove much for or against his theory. More interest will naturally be felt in the experiment made last month, and of which the result will soon be announced, of making nominations of overseers by the alumni of Harvard College, according to the system of Mr. Hare. Ten candidates were to be selected, but each elector might name as many as he chose, provided he affixed to each his order of preference. The committee to receive and count the votes then proceeded as follows. Each envelope, as it arrived, was numbered, and, when all were in, they were taken up and opened in order. Each ballot successively was then counted for the first choice indicated upon it, until some candidate had received a tenth of all the votes cast, when his name was regarded as *hors de concours*. Any subsequent ballot, therefore, which made him its first choice was counted instead for its second choice; and so on, till the ten were elected.

In practice, instead of expecting from each elector a brand-new, original list, the committee sent out a printed list of suggested candidates, with blanks for insertions if desired. In all probability, the ten nominees will be found to have been on this list—which suggests the course likely to be pursued by party managers in politics if ever Mr. Hare's scheme shall be adopted. But the breaking up of artificial district lines and the power to transpose the nominees on the list, and to scratch them all, without abandoning the party or throwing away his vote, will tend greatly to elevate and emancipate the elector.

—The Senate lately voted \$100,000 towards the further exploration of the North Pole. If it could do so much in the interest of pure science, it ought to improve a rare opportunity to aid not science alone, but the immediate development of the material interests of this country and continent. If willing to appropriate money for new voyages, it ought to be disposed to to help to utilize the results of voyages already accomplished; and if this would be true in general, it is still more the case now that the Government has undertaken the survey of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and there is in this city a savant who returned only last year from a seven years' journey in Central America, and has probably the richest collection of observations ever made in that region. We refer to Dr. Habel, for many years a well-known practitioner and public officer in this city, and whose memoirs were presented to the French Academy of Science, at the session of July 26, 1869, having the endorsement of M. Sainte-Claire Deville, M. de Quatrefages, and other eminent members. Dr. Habel's explorations extended from Guatemala to Peru, and embraced also the Chinha and Galapagos Islands. From the latter archipelago, made famous by the researches of Mr. Darwin, he brought away exactly the same number of species as the English philosopher, including several that were wholly new to science. Wherever he went, in the various republics of Central America, Dr. Habel studied the geology, hydrography, meteorology, botany, mineralogy, and fauna of the land, and mapped out an exact itinerary by means of the compass, corrected by astronomical observations at the principal stations. He thus discovered that all the maps of this country are more or less incorrect, especially that of Honduras, of which the north and east coast is much exaggerated in extent, the error amounting to an entire degree of longitude. He also ascertained the form and direction and barometric height of the mountains, and made, during a stay of ten months on the Isthmus, a series of meteorological observations forming a complete chain between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. His ethnological researches were remarkably fruitful. He found ruins of ancient cities, one of which was more than three miles long, on the Pacific coast, where their existence had never before been suspected, and they revealed an extinct civilization altogether different from that of the Aztecs. Of these monuments he made scale drawings, which, however, he does not expect will be credited until confirmed by the photograph. And finally, Dr. Habel collected words in nine different Indian languages, mostly of tribes seldom visited; and of one he states that he could easily compose a grammar and dictionary. The preparation for publication of these valuable results of singular scientific devotedness awaits the leisure which Dr. Habel's means no longer permit. It appears to us that they have sufficient national and international importance to warrant the moderate outlay which would suffice to have them put together. His map, at least, might properly be brought out under the auspices of the Coast Survey.

—John Henry Newman has been for so many years so great a name in the literary world, as well as in the Protestant religious world, and the Roman Catholic, that for a long time he has been made—now by the ignorant and now by the interested or the designing—to stand sponsor for many things for which he would be nowise willing to be held responsible. Of this we have been frequently reminded of late. As an example of the sort of misrepresentation caused by insufficient information which Dr. Newman has had to undergo, we may cite what follows: Since the question of Bible reading in the public schools came up for discussion, almost every religious newspaper in the country—so far as we know about such newspapers—has called the attention of its readers to "these significant words of that famous convert to Romanism, John Henry Newman":

"Who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on in the ear like a music that never can be forgotten, like the sound of church-bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem often to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The

power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt never dimmed and controversy never soiled. It has been to him all along as the silent, but oh! how intelligible, voice of his guardian angel; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible. And all this is an unhallowed power! The extinction of the Establishment would be a less step towards the conquest of the national mind than, if it were possible (but we are speaking humanly, and in our ignorance), to adopt that Bible and correct it by the Vulgate. As it is, there is no blessing of the Church along with it, and who would dream that beauty is better than a blessing?"

This is expressed well enough to be easily taken for the work of Dr. Newman by almost any reader. Perhaps, however, Dr. Newman would hardly be so lyrical—so to speak—except where his own personal feelings were more directly interested than one might suppose the feelings of any Roman Catholic to be when the thing under consideration is the beauty of the Protestant Bible. Still, it is true that it was once a favorite project of Newman's to prepare for the use of English Roman Catholics an edition of the Bible which should contain the King James's Version modified by the readings of the Vulgate—such an edition as is suggested above. And it is true, too, that he does once in a while allow himself a lyrical outburst which has, seemingly, something of an air of premeditation and deliberate elaboration. So, for example, one might speak of that address to his brethren of the Oratory with which he closes his "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Admirable as his English is, it is not so good as to be always unobnoxious to the charge that it is sometimes poetical prose, or rhetorical prose, rather than prose thoroughly good. But, as a matter of fact, the author of the passage which we have quoted was not Newman, but the Reverend F. W. Faber—a person who, however displeasing to most judges of men and literature, was possessed of marked literary ability of a certain kind, and who, as everybody knows, was warmly interested in the famous "movement" which had for one of its chief results the turning of Newman into a Roman Catholic, and for another result the conversion of Faber also, who followed his master after a month or two. Indeed, it may be as well to say—in order that all the evidence concerning "these significant words" above given may be in court—that Faber not only followed his master, but went beyond him, and far beyond; and he is by no means to be trusted to speak rightly either of things Catholic or things Protestant. Of course Dr. Newman, like every other Romanist who writes on matters pertaining to "the one true faith," often writes so as to bother and baffle the mere intellect, and to confound with great confusion such persons as hunger for ascertained, definite knowledge, and—if the words may be allowed—do not care to formulate into dogmatic assertions concerning certain matters their ignorance concerning those matters. But Mr. Faber seems to like to ignore the existence of the intellect; he usually exclaims, and rhapsodizes, and sentimentalizes, and gushes after a fashion that ought to make even a Papal Zouave sigh for a taste of common sense. Of the "Italianate English" of a couple of centuries ago no very taking accounts are given; but the Ultramontanist English of to-day are more belied than seems credible if they would not be altogether past bearing, were it not that it is forbearance that their fellow-Christians owe them, and that, after all, nobody need care for them.

—We have not at hand the means of giving a specific example of a sort of injustice which, as we have said, Dr. Newman often has to put up with, and which consists in the more or less intentional and wilful misrepresentation of his feelings and opinions. It is not, however, that such misrepresentations are not of frequent occurrence. It would be possible, for instance, to name Roman Catholic periodicals published in this country, and devoted to the unblenching avowal of the extremest opinions of the Society of Jesus, whose editors—even at the moment when they are pushing doctrines which Dr. Newman has said seem to him like an evil dream and worse than atheism—use, without scruple, the authority of his name. They know the respect which is everywhere paid to his genius and character. An unnumbered multitude of these exhibitions of uncandidness Dr. Newman has recently disposed of once for all, in a letter which has become famous, and which is an important part of the religious history of the day. It was written to Dr. Ullathorne, of Birmingham, who is Newman's own bishop, and, though not intended for publication, has got into print, and is seen to be of such a sort as might have been expected by all who are aware that its author is not only a man of genius, but a man of as much courage as of caution and shrewdness. "Rome ought to be," he says, "a name to lighten the heart at all times, and a Council's proper office is, when some great heresy or other evil impends, to inspire hope

and confidence in the faithful; but now we have the greatest meeting that ever has been, and that at Rome, infusing into us, by the accredited organs of Rome and of its partisans, little else than fear and dismay." Again, he says: "When has a definition *de fide* been a luxury of devotion and not a stern, painful necessity? Why should an aggressive, insolent faction be allowed to make the heart of the just sad, whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful?" We may remark, by the way, that the people must be few who have Dr. Newman's power of aptly quoting Scripture. Still more outspoken and more generally interesting is this, which is said further on in the letter: "If it is God's will that the Pope's infallibility is defined, then is it God's will to throw back the times and moments of that triumph which he has destined for his kingdom, and I shall feel I have but to bow my head to his adorable, inscrutable providence." We imagine it may be these last words which cause the *Catholic World* for June to say it is glad to see that Dr. Newman seems to believe in the infallibility of popes, though he is opposed to having the doctrine defined at this present moment. There may be possibility of so construing his utterances; but any one construing them in the sense attributed to them by the *Catholic World* will mislead third parties, unless he lays down at the beginning a strict definition of the word "belief."

—As the sessions of the Council go on, it seems to become more and more manifest that the wisdom and learning of Catholicism are firmly opposed to the dogma, on the promulgation of which the Pope and Monsignor Talbot have set their hearts, and in whose favor the heads of all the Jesuits have been exercised during so many years. Dr. Newman's letter is very far indeed from being the only one of its kind, though a better one of its kind we have not seen. One might say, without much fear of inaccuracy, that he looks on the scheme for making the belief in the Pope's infallibility a matter of faith as being due to the present Pope's weakness and to the astuteness of the Society of Jesus, whose wisdom has always been futile, and whom a Yankee would describe as so sharp as always to cut its own fingers. It seems still to be ridden by its old notion that to govern the world it is only necessary to govern certain men, and that it is by the weaknesses of men that they are governed—doctrines which have never been proved sound, and which have an *a priori* improbability. While we are upon this subject of the relations of Newman to Rome, we may as well quote one other passage from his letter, and this for the sake of making a remark about him which seems to us just, and which it is perhaps worth while to make. Certainly everything about a man so noteworthy, and in many of the most important respects so admirable, possesses interest. "As to myself personally," he says, "please God I do not expect any trial at all. [Any trial of faith, he means, in case the projected dogma is enunciated.] But I cannot help suffering with the many souls who are suffering, and I look with anxiety at the prospect of having to defend decisions which may not be difficult to my own private judgment, but may be most difficult to maintain logically in the face of existing historical facts." Here may be seen, or we make a mistake, the peculiar way in which Dr. Newman holds his religious belief. He seems to be as frankly egotistical, so to speak, in his Catholicism as is Emerson—whom Newman so much resembles in feature—in the religious views, or cosmic views, or whatever else they are, which are held by him. History, logic, everything that to most men would seem absolute over belief, or at least to tend very strongly to determine it this way or that in preference to this other or that other, Newman seems to show himself willing to disregard entirely; it is enough that Catholicism commends itself to him. Thus considered, much that is in him becomes more explicable than otherwise it seems. But we have not space to enlarge on the subject.

—"We want facts," says the *North China Herald* of late date, speaking of the defective knowledge which Europeans have of China. "At this moment, a British merchant in Shanghai, with every desire to gain some distinct information about the country, is baffled and perplexed by his inability to get together a body of the most ordinary and easily attained facts. The country in the midst of which we are placed is a riddle, and a riddle that everybody gives up directly it is propounded." The *Herald* goes on to say that there are a few "highly respectable and orthodox volumes which it is impossible to speak of with too much respect," but which still leave our acquaintance with China very imperfect. No work treats adequately or with the proper perspective the history of the empire, or so well as that of Japan has been presented to English readers. In fact, there have been more ready writers on China than careful investigators: "those foreign writers who knew what to say, did not know how to say it; and those who knew how to say what they knew, knew very little that was worth saying." In another and previous article the *Herald* illustrates this by the

uncertainty which exists as to the real population of the empire—a matter which it is a superstition with the Chinese not to report upon, at least with any approach to accuracy. In the absence of any census, one is obliged to accept the fabulous figures of the Peking officials, or to make the most of the estimates formed by those barbarians who have paid some attention to the subject—to believe with Father Amiot that in 1770 China contained 209 millions of inhabitants, or, as Grosier corrected him, 198,214,533, and then to judge for one's self whether the state of the empire has during the present century been favorable to the increase of the population. The customs of the country undoubtedly, in peaceful times, do favor an exceptional growth; but it is evident that at present we have no means of arriving at a trustworthy basis of calculation. Even where the opportunities would seem to be ample for judging, and such that all observers must agree, there is and has been, from the commencement of European intercourse with China, a division into two opposite opinions—for instance, as to the Chinese character. We know that the same diversity exists in this country, among intelligent persons who encounter or have dealings with the Chinese, and it is on the whole gratifying to read the *Herald's* explanation of the phenomenon. The worst estimate, it says, is traceable to the merchant and the diplomat, each of whom approaches the less favorable side of the Chinese nature. "The Chinaman is seen" by the former, in driving a bargain, "trying to advance his own interest, at the expense of a person whom his creed does not teach him to acknowledge, even with his lips, as his neighbor. Hence he is presented obeying all his lower instincts; and few Christians would show to advantage at such a moment." The diplomat, on the other hand, "gets his experience of the native after he has been subjected to the humiliation of defeat, or when he is essaying the trickery and evasion which are characteristic features of oriental diplomacy;" or when, as now, "after having been knocked down, he is set on his feet again, apologized to, and told that he was struck in mistake," whereupon cringing is exchanged for arrogance. The missionary and the transient visitor call forth better and the best traits of a Chinaman, and their view of his character, if not to be taken implicitly, is naturally accounted for.

—If our knowledge of China is limited, so is that of Chinese Tartary, and the nation which seems likely to contribute most to both is, at this moment, Russia. Taking Kashgar as a centre of interest—a city which recent conquests in Central Asia have brought to the border of European civilization—a contributor to the April number of the *Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin* compares several of the later works of travel connected with the Russian occupation, and derives a good deal of interesting information concerning the land and its people. The best observation of the position of Kashgar places it in latitude 39° 23' 9" North, and longitude 76° 10' [20'] East. The longitude has been variously fixed at 71° 50' by Ad. Schlagintweit, and 73° 57' by the Jesuits. The latter is that adopted in Lippincott's Gazetteer, while the New American Cyclopædia gives 76° 45', which is more nearly correct. Valikhanoft, whose travels are principally followed in the *Zeitschrift*, narrates a singular experience of his in Kashgar: "Although," says his commentator, "the Mohammedans of Little Bokhara obey the teachings of the Imam Hanif, which forbid temporary marriages, yet in Kashgar, and especially in the hexapolis of East Turkestan, the custom prevails for all strangers to enter the marriage relation if they stay for any length of time in the city. These contracts are celebrated with due ceremony, the bridegroom being obliged to furnish nothing but a new suit to the bride." To this the Russian gracefully submitted, as did the rest of the caravan, and they were also compelled to exchange their Tartar caps and caftans, which excited too much attention, for the turbans and caftans of the country.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

WE shall all do well to admit once for all the applicability to individual questions of the maxim which we have all frequently recognized as true in a general way—the maxim, namely, that it is too early yet for any of us to write an authoritative history of the war, and if it is too early to-day, it certainly was a long time too early in the days when homicide was in the hearts of half of us during most of our waking hours, and we were literally giving ourselves, minds as well as bodies, to the cause. It is, however, not too early for us to begin cultivating that calmer, and indeed manlier, as well as gentler, spirit which is to pervade the true histories that are to come. The season might well enough suggest reflections of this kind, for Monday was the time for decorating with flowers the soldiers' graves; but our thoughts have been turned in this direction by the fact

that of the writers in the June magazines, three address themselves to contributing to what may be called the inner history of the war. Mr. Jeremiah Black, writing in the *Galaxy*, deals with Senator Wilson's eulogy of Secretary Stanton, and incidentally defends or attacks several other famous personages; Mr. Thurlow Weed, also writing in the *Galaxy*, gives an interesting chapter or two from his autobiography, and relates a good many things hitherto not known concerning the earliest days of the recruiting and fighting; finally, an anonymous but careful and clever writer, who seems to know very well what he is talking about, reviews in *Old and New* the case of Fitz John Porter. Fitz John Porter's case we ourselves have recently had occasion to notice, and, as readers of what we said will remember, we have expressed a decided opinion in regard to the treatment of that officer. But it is right to say that any one whose mind is at present made up adversely to the disgraced General may very probably discover in the *Old and New* article strong reasons for coming to conclusions less favorable to the court-martial than to the prisoner.

Well worth reading, too, is Mr. Black's attack on Mr. Wilson, an attack which its author considers a needed defence of Mr. Stanton against his eulogist. There is plenty of bad temper in it; and what are its politics, our readers can imagine. We observe that a certain Republican journal published in Massachusetts declares that the editors of the *Galaxy* disgraced themselves when they consented to print such a copperhead tirade, and the editors themselves appear to have been a little frightened at their own temerity, for they make a sort of half-apology for admitting the article. But surely the time must be almost at hand when we shall bear to hear all the truth, and all the lies for that matter, that any rebel or copperhead may feel called upon to tell in regard to the Confederacy, or Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, or anything else connected with the late war. What is the need of either the abuse or the apology does not seem too clear. As we say, the article has plenty of ill temper, and Mr. Black partly defeats his own objects. Here, for example, is a stroke in which Mr. Wilson, if he is sagacious, may properly rejoice. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, is the person of whom Mr. Black is speaking to Mr. Wilson: "You may have all the benefit of loyalty, and you may weigh him down with the huge burden of rebellion; nevertheless, his mental ability, good sense, and common honesty put him so immeasurably far above you that you will never in this life be able to get a horizontal view of his character." It is only outside of New England, we suppose, that the last sentence of this could be said in seriousness; but Mr. Black says it in good earnest. But if talk like this requires of Mr. Wilson no answer but silence, there are other things in the article which certainly do call for an answer; and no one is fair who takes Mr. Wilson's estimate of Mr. Stanton without also taking into account what Mr. Black has to say. Mr. Black's veracity is not questioned, we believe, even by the persons who consider him a most mistaken politician, an enemy of his country's best interests, and a lawyer of much greater learning than wisdom.

Mr. Weed's narrative of his services in the early part of the war are very readable and not without value. He here well upholds his reputation for shrewdness and executive ability, and, taking his own story as true, he apparently deserved well of the Republic. This, by the way, is a little incident that it may be well enough to bear in mind when one is thinking of how it is that the best of our public servants get their places, and how they keep them. Mr. Weed is speaking of the news coming in from Ball's Bluff, and tells how he prevented General McClellan's giving to the telegraph a despatch throwing the responsibility for that sad affair on Colonel Baker, a gallant officer whom it would have been shameful injustice to blame; then he adds this: "The body of Colonel Baker was rescued from the field by Louis Bierrel, a soldier from the city of New York, who stood by his gun till the enemy were upon him, when, with a comrade, he bore away the lifeless body of his commander. At the close of the war I obtained a situation for this faithful soldier in the Custom House, but I regret to say that some two years ago, for no fault of his own, he was discharged."

Besides the article which we have already mentioned, *Old and New* contains little or nothing that calls for special remark. There is, however, a fairly good essay on "Protoplasm" by Mr. Francis Tiffany, who puts in a rather fresh way the old objection to scientific theories of man and nature that they do not account for life; and there is also a pleasing article, which will be to most readers instructive, on Grady's attitude towards the Papacy; but there is little else. Worth looking at for noticeable vigor and for its music—or rather for the swing of it—is Mr. George Finney's piece of verse called "Mother and Son." There is a

queer simplicity about it, too; but the vigor and the simplicity both are pushed pretty far in this stanza:

"I fainted with the Grief-Burr Choke, clutched Shucks of wasted Love.
O that the Man who gave that stroke
May never feel the Stifle-Throat,
The Heart-Swell, nor the Vitale-Bloat to crowd his Brain above."

This sounds like mere raving; but though it is the worst part of the piece it is not incongruous with the other and more reasonable parts. Still the fact remains that not only did a man write it, but it has been passed upon by other men, and has been printed for an audience of greater or less size. Perhaps it is, after all, not very different in essentials from a good deal of the poetry, and prose too, which is regularly published in our magazines.

The *Galaxy* opens as usual with more of Mr. Charles Reade's novel, which a person might almost say begins to be tiresome, or rather which threatens to be tiresome, as being merely more repetitions of the same old tricks, and the characters being next to nothing. "Tobaccophagoi and Tobaccophagism" is by Dr. John C. Draper, and is like most similar essays in that it will please everybody who hates tobacco, and will amuse everybody who loves that herb. Of course it is made clear once again that no one but a desperado would use tobacco except as a medicine. As for gentlemen who have for any length of time been smoking, or snuffing, or chewing tobacco, they simply are alive in spite of themselves. Perhaps, however, they have cancer; or they suffer under a thickening of the Schneiderian membrane of the nose; or they have married late in life and become paralytic; or cannibal islanders have refused their flesh on account of its being saturated with nicotine. Physicians who are opposed to the use of tobacco might do worse, one would say, than to deny themselves paper and ink for a while, and set themselves to discovering an antidote to the ill effects of the plant.

In "Two Women" "the Author of Margaret Howth" again appears; and she makes the same appearance as of old. There is a man who deems it his duty to die of the yellow fever; and there is a woman—big, gross, without a waist, sensual, passionate—who "lights up well" at night and fascinates all males, and who in the day-time drinks brandy and laudanum; there is another woman who is delicate and cool, and wears muslin, and among these women and the man there is much which we are asked to call love and suffering. There is really nothing except an indulgence of feelings, which wise people and delicate people keep under command, if they have them at all, and which they at least keep to themselves. There is, however, at the very end of the story, a not bad turn.

For the rest, the *Galaxy* has some of "Mark Twain's" fun, "which is alone worth the price of the magazine;" an essay by Mr. Justin McCarthy; some more of "Ten Years in Rome," whose author, we observe, has now dropped out of Anglicanism into something else; a few pages of "Things of the Day," by "Carl Benson," and several other articles which, with those we have mentioned, make a pleasant and readable number of a magazine that is always readable for the moment, whether or not it is very well worth saving. It is certainly conducted with skill, and one or two other magazines which avow a deliberate intention to be "monthly newspapers" might profitably take a lesson from the *Galaxy*. The *Galaxy* is a monthly newspaper in the sense of always being of current interest, and not in the sense of always treating scrappily an immense number of topics.

The fourteen or fifteen pages of reviewing at the end of the magazine make the best part of the June *Atlantic*, which, indeed, is not too good. The book-notices, however, have redeeming power, although there is no doubt that the level on which they were kept while they were the work of a single hand is hardly maintained now that there are several writers at work. Still, there is the gain of variety, and that may properly be held, we suppose, to balance the loss mentioned. In no way a gain, however, are such reviews as that of Miss Phelps's "Hedged In," a book which, we would say, a publisher might safely leave to the charitable judgments of people of discrimination and to the greedy appetite for mingled sensational sentimentalism and piety of people not so discriminating. Galton's "Hereditary Genius" is carefully reviewed, and there is what may be called a "refreshing" notice of the last of Mr. William Morris's many verses. From the time of Alexander Smith, to go no further back, contemporary English critics have united in a loud chorus of praise whenever a new verse-maker came before them, and it is difficult to believe that the men and women of this generation who write current criticism in England have the least right to say a word about

poetry. The list of those whom they have of late years judged to have touched immortality is an absurdly long one. There was Mr. Sydney Dobell had done it, and Mr. Gerald Massey, and Miss Jean Ingelow, and George Eliot, and before her, Mr. Swinburne, and before him, Mr. Robert Lytton, and we do not know how many others; and now there is Mr. Morris, of whom debate is made whether it is he and Tennyson, or he and Browning, or Browning and Tennyson, that are the two foremost English-speaking poets of the age. It is a question which doubtless the age will, as soon as is necessary, settle for itself, both on the other side of the water and on this side of it—where also some poetry has been produced in our day. This *Atlantic* reviewer has, perhaps, a high enough estimate of Mr. Morris.

Of the long articles in the *Atlantic*, the one which will attract most attention, we imagine, is that on which we commented last week—some of Mr. Henry James's opinions in regard to the relations of society to husbands and wives; and perhaps next in attractiveness is the first of Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Fireside Stories." "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—most opportune of novels—made a great stir, but it is in her records of what she has observed of life in New England country towns of thirty or forty years ago that Mrs. Stowe is at her best. A person would not be frightfully heretical, for instance, who should maintain that there is nothing else so good in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the picture of Miss Ophelia. In this new story, or rather sketch, Mrs. Stowe takes Sam Lawson, the good-for-nothing "shiftless" fellow of "Oldtown Folks," and makes him exercise for the benefit of a pair of children his faculty of telling stories; so he tells them a rather striking and perfectly Yankee ghost story. When we say that the original figure of Sam, as Mrs. Stowe's eyes transferred him to her memory, has now a little faded, and that the Sam whom she shows us to-day has here a touch of more recent color which is not quite in keeping, we only say what might have been expected. The originals, of which he is a copy, are rarer than they were; and the painter has spent a busy lifetime, caring much for other things since she gave her first and best study to her Yankee personages.

Other long articles that are worth some attention are "Master Treadwell," "The Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte," "French and English Illustrated Magazines," and "Let us be Cheerful," though, perhaps, all of this last is not new, and all of the last but one is not to be taken as, to say the least, delicately true in its criticism of various artists.

Harper's is as good as ever, though one would guess that some bore had got hold of the critical department, which is more intrepidly vacuous than almost any criticism done for the American press. "Jottings and Journeys in Spain" is very good-natured and lively, and may be read with pleasure, and we should think it might be instructive too. "Wine in America and American Wine" is very discouraging in tone, and will be promptly answered, we trust, by some other wine-grower writing for some other magazine. The article before us ought to make a pother among the manufacturers of native wines and the breeders of vines. There is little hope, the writer says, that for many a long day we are going to have in this country wines at once pure and cheap. The high-raised hopes of twenty years ago are flat in the dust, for our vines are predestined victims to the rat or the mildew—new enemies of the grape, which only within the last decade or two have made their power known. So he goes on. For the "total-abstinence men," also, there is something in the essay which altogether is well worth reading. So we cannot speak of "Anteros," by Mr. George Lawrence, which is still quite proper, and, of course, then, is stupid to the last degree. However, it is rather early yet to give up, and something is to be hoped from Carryl Glynn. In the "Easy Chair" the editor talks sensibly to the misguided artists and other such persons who cannot bear the truth and resent criticism. But no good was ever done by such discourses, except, indeed, that young Sulky or old Sulky's mouth is stopped for the moment, and that it is made manifest to the spectator that he is put to confusion. To let them suffer is, we find, the best way to deal with them; and to remind them now and again that "to be weak is to be miserable."

Putnam's has among its other articles a long and careful article, useful for reference, concerning "Proportional Representation;" and another not so long nor so careful, discussing the question, "Shall we have a More Readable Bible?" We should have such a Bible, the writer thinks, and he thinks the American Bible Society is the source from which it should come. But the American Bible Society would not be expected by many persons to do more than remove from the present version some surface roughnesses. This, to be sure, would probably be worth doing, but it seems a small thing when one thinks of how much needed is a new translation. Per-

haps never was there within the limits of Christendom so widespread and earnest a desire to seek the truth as regards Christianity—a desire which, in some of its manifestations, frightens some persons who should know better, as well as a vast number who do not know better, and who now stand in the way of profitable discussion.

Professor J. M. Hoppin contributes to *Putnam's* an essay on "The Outlook of Our English Literature," and makes some sound remarks; but some are open to question. Then, we doubt whether there is much use in disquieting ourselves about "the great American poet" of the future. It is among the possibilities that we are not to have a great American poet at all. The last and previous generation craved one as much as we do, and got only big American poets. Would it not be as well for us of this generation to petition more wisely, and ask for greatness simply in our poets, and care less about the Americanism in them? The Americanism of all that we produce may fairly be left to take care of itself; our concern is with its excellence. Meantime, Professor Hoppin fancies the new star will make its appearance in the West, we suppose under the influence of the better social and physiological conditions—for the poet, like other men, needs good beef and good air—which that region seems to promise to our race. He says: "The great poet of our country will spring up somewhere in the central territories; in some one of those beautiful valleys in the neighborhood or, perhaps, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, where the skies are clearer, nature larger, life freer, more sympathetic and more national."

The "Editorial Notes" in this number of the magazine are better than either of the two preceding batches, but less would have to be said of the review of current literature—that of foreign literature having more variety than fulness—while the reverse is to be said of the review of home literature, which treats at too great length of books not important, and which shows a want of knowledge.

Everybody may properly wish to see the *June Hours at Home*, which opens with a number of letters written by Miss Charlotte Brontë to her most intimate friend, the lady who does duty as Caroline Helstone in "Shirley"; and there is also some well-written and judicious criticism of the character and career of the celebrated authoress. Mr. John Bigelow is the person through whom the letters see the light. Mr. Bigelow contributes also the paper on "Beaumarchais the Merchant," which he has read this winter before our historical societies in New York and Brooklyn.

Trollope's "Sir Harry Hotspur" is the most prominent of the contents of the last *Lippincott's*, but some of the more unimportant articles are pleasant enough. "The coming man is evidently a woman," one scoffer says; and another abuses "Gail Hamilton"—whom he calls out of her name, by the by—and says her last book is "as uncalled for as it is unrefined." "Uncalled for" is precisely what it is, for it is the deadest book of the season, and one does not see why an editor should now be troubling himself about it. "The Revolution at the South" and the article on Lopez and Paraguayan affairs both seem to take right ground, but it cannot be said that the reading public are not a little sick of both subjects. As for the Paraguayan affair, not only was there almost never such a muddle and jumble of writing and opinion; but there has hardly ever been a subject with such capacities of interest which has been treated in so dry and dull and unpictorial a way. Then, too, every observer seems to be a violent partisan.

* * * Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Abbott (J. S. C.), History of Hortense.....	(Harper & Bros.) \$1 20
Annual of Hudson and Menet, for 1870.....	(Hudson & Menet)
Cupples (Mrs. G.), Driven to Sea: a Tale.....	(Horace B. Fuller)
Disraeli (B.), Henrietta Temple: a Tale, swd.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 50
Guilty, or Not Guilty: a Tale.....	(Carleton)
Honor Bright: a Tale.....	" 1 50
Myers (F. W. H.), Poems.....	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 25
Payne (J. B.), Haydn's Universal Index of Biography.....	(Virtue & Yorston)
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., Part XXVII., swd.....	(Hurd & Houghton) 0 75
Stone (Prof. J. R.), The Invitation Heeded.....	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)
Swift (J. F.), Robert Greathouse: a Tale.....	(Carleton)
Trollope (A.), The Vicar of Bullhampton: a Tale.....	(Harper & Bros.)
Yonge (Miss C. M.), A Storehouse of Stories.....	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
The Caged Lion: a Tale.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) 1 25

Fine Arts.

FORTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE have named two French painters as representative of a certain tendency in modern painting, a tendency to which it is dangerous for students to yield too readily, however fascinating the results may seem to them. Now to bring home to New York this demonstration, let us take an admired, influential, and in every way successful New York painter, or rather his works, and find in them lessons for the times, even though the task becomes one of much greater delicacy. Let us take No. 362 of this exhibition, Mr. Gifford's "Tivoli." Without attempting to give this picture its exact place in art, or even in modern art, let us consider it in relation to the external world, that visible world with which painting deals, and to give beautiful, exalted, and essentially true ideas of which is the end and aim of painting. In this picture, then, a moderately extensive and exceedingly varied landscape is seen through a warm yellowish atmosphere; there is no near foreground, and no extreme distance except the sky; there are isolated trees near enough to be seen in all their ramifications, and buildings massive and simple enough to be understood at a glance, as to character and exterior design; there are running streams, deep between strongly marked banks, in what may be called the foreground of the picture. No part of this landscape can be supposed nearer than some hundreds of yards. Now, criticism, not hasty to say "right" or "wrong," but pointing out what is peculiar for its own and its reader's notice and consideration, observes in this instance that the mists and fogs of the north temperate zone partly conceal what is seen through them, often distort and disguise it, and always conceal what is more distant—that is, what is seen through a greater depth of the mist or fog, than what is nearer. Moreover, when the somewhat rare phenomenon is seen of a great body of mist, fog, or cloud, strongly and warmly colored by the sun, it presents this appearance rather as a mass seen from without, and tinged, as it were, outside, than as a dense atmosphere colored throughout its mass, and showing that color to an observer within it. That this latter effect is possible no one can deny who has seen and inhabited a London fog. And a London morning fog in August is not of necessity the gray, pea-soup-colored blindness of the November "London Particular." But in the other respects spoken of above and also in this one, the atmosphere of this picture may be critically spoken of as a conception; an artistic idea rather than a representation of a natural fact. Many of our readers will remember the picture of several years ago, in which a Catskill valley was represented under the same conditions, miles of distance seen through the same yellow haze. All our readers are familiar with this effect, made a part of our American art, in Mr. Gifford's pictures. It is not to be wondered at that these pictures are so popular. They are fascinating on account of their unity, their simplicity of design, their very uniformity of tone. The same charm, a perfectly definite and even explicable charm, which a drawing in india-ink or sepia, a brown mezzotint, or an etching possesses, a charm peculiar to itself, and not to be found in a finished work of full color, is found in these pictures we are considering.

But to consider the possible effect upon young painters of pictures so definitely limited in expression, and in such a tempting way *maneuvered*, pictures that sell so well, too, let us suppose that a follower of Mr. Gifford learns to paint running streams and their high scarped banks and trees of different sorts, not from nature but from Mr. Gifford's pictures. Is it not obvious that he will go very far astray? The master has studied many phases of nature, and, selecting from what he knows, gives what he thinks his picture will be better for. Perhaps to our mind he gives too little, and the picture is not full enough of the varied impressions, the mystery and the change of nature; but it is perfectly possible that in the attempt to give more matter, some grace would be lost. At all events there is the definite choice, and the result of varied study. But, the pupil who should think that here and not out of doors is the nature for him to study, would be limiting his total range by the limits of the master's chosen field. And it must not be forgotten that even a student working out of doors may be undergoing as narrow a training, may be seeing as much through another's eyes, and may be in his art as feeble a reflection of another, as if he were to work only in the studio. The power of getting only a very little and that not the best out of the infinite fullness of nature, is well exemplified in a host of the sketches in the "Corridor."

In the same South Gallery, and not far from the "Tivoli," is one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition, Mr. Kensett's "Narragansett" No. 378. It would be impossible to find an American painting more thoroughly representative of the tendencies, good and not so good, of modern art. It addresses the pensive modern regard for natural beauty, which finds its best enjoyment in a sunset sky seen by a placid ocean, with white sails in the distance, which does not look for the structure of rocks or for the sculpture of clouds, but takes the rocks for masses of warm color of prettily varied shape, and the horizon clouds for pale indications of what will soon be vast, towering, fleecy masses, seeming to fill the now unsullied depths of the sky. The picture takes one of the most beloved phases of natural beauty, and represents it exceedingly well—so well as almost to challenge comparison with any similar work. The composition has unity, simplicity not too obvious, and a certain grace; the drawing, without being very subtle, is sufficiently refined; the color is eminently quiet, harmonious, subdued. That the picture represents modern art in its shortcomings as well as its excellences; that, in common with all modern art, it sympathizes too closely with the popular taste to teach it much; that there are many such pictures, and that a nobler task would be to represent each time some phase of nature not before represented; all this is true and should be not forgotten—it is part of the history of this and of other such works of art. But we wish for the next generation of painters, the pupils of to-day, that many of their works may have the easy grace, the completeness within its limits, and the power of pleasing intelligent people, which Mr. Kensett's best works, and this one among them, possess. It is our hope that they will discover that in order to do anything of the kind they must work hard and steadily, drawing from nature. They have no right to expect that just such and such qualities will develop in them, and that such popular favor will reward their efforts in a single direction. They have to meet a public growing daily more exacting, more trained, more observant; less ready to be satisfied with one song sung again and again in different keys. They will have to know all they are likely to know, to hold their own at all.

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